

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

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The Existence of God. A Dialogue.

SAVILLE and Cholmeley had been friends almost from infancy. Together they had played as little children ; together they had passed through one of the largest of the public schools ; together they had gone to Oxford, and after their four years' residence there, their names had appeared in the same Class List in the Final Examination. After his degree, Saville had gone to Cuddesdon, to prepare for the work of an Anglican clergyman, Cholmeley to London, where he had previously begun to eat his dinners and count his Terms at the Middle Temple. After a year at Cuddesdon, Saville had withdrawn his name from the Bishop's list of candidates for ordination, and six months later made his submission to the Catholic Church. Cholmeley meanwhile drifted in the opposite direction, and professed himself an unprejudiced inquirer.

And now the two friends met after ten years of almost entire separation. They had written from time to time, and once or twice had spent a few hours together, but there had been no interchange of ideas on the fundamental questions on which they now stood so widely apart. Saville had become a priest and an active champion of the faith both with tongue and pen, Cholmeley an Agnostic pure and simple. Yet their contrast of opinion had in no way marred their mutual affection, and now that they were thrown together once more, the old familiarity came back as it always comes back, even after long years have passed, to those who have once been truly and really bosom friends.

They were staying in a little cottage at the Head of All Saints Bay in Guernsey, whither Cholmeley, who had just returned from the Continent, had invited his friend to come and spend a peaceful fortnight of repose. Sitting after dinner by the open window, they looked out on the soft sweetness of a summer evening.

Cholmeley had been describing his experiences of Catho-

licity in the Tyrol, and had been expressing his admiration for the simple faith and devotion of the Tyrolese.

"You know, Saville," he continued, "I do not in the least share in the ridiculous objections raised by Protestants to individual Catholic doctrines and practices. On the contrary, I admire them all, and consider them perfectly consistent and reasonable—Infallibility, Indulgences, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, scapulars, holy water, all the lot. I think a man is a fool who cuts one slice out of Christianity and leaves the rest."

"My dear Cholmeley," was the rejoinder, "in that case, why are you not a Catholic?"

"I knew you would say that," answered Cholmeley. "Why you see, though I admire the superstructure, I don't admire the foundation. Or rather, I don't think you have got any foundation to your elaborate and beautiful edifice. What is the use of talking about being a Catholic to a man who does not believe in a God?"

"I did not know you had drifted away so far as that," said Saville, gently. "I remember at Oxford you were rather inclined to rebel against the prevalent orthodoxy. I expected to find you a bit of a Liberal, but that is very different from completely abandoning all belief whatever."

"I am sure no one regrets it more than I do, my dear Saville," was the answer. "I'm not at all one of those who say they rejoice in their liberty. I thoroughly sympathize with the writer of one of the cleverest little books on Theism I ever read, who after, as it seems to me, demolishing Theism from the ground of reason, mournfully declares: 'I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness.' I feel just the same. I wish I could believe. I should like to believe, but inexorable logic tells me that we have no sufficient data for the solution of the problem. I have read every book in favour of Theism within my reach, Locke, Mansel, Bishop Butler, Paley, Flint, and I confess that each of them has produced the very contrary effect to that which their authors intended. It seems to me that many of them are simply unbelievers in disguise, that most of them are illogical. The arguments they bring forward are either unwarrantable assertions, or else prove nothing at all, and more often still are fatal to their own hypothesis. Take for instance the argument from *consciousness*, or intuition. The Theist tells me there must be a God, because he has in himself an irrefragable

witness declaring with all the force of his nature that there is a God, and he lays down this intuition as an universal one. When I reply that I know a number of intelligent men besides myself who altogether repudiate the notion of any such intuition, and declare they never had any consciousness of God's existence, he tells me that it is because they have been untrue to the voice within them, and so have lost their power of perception. In other words, he says in veiled and polite language that the only reason I do not believe in a God is because I have been an irredeemable blackguard from my youth up."

"Wait a moment," said Saville. "I quite agree with you. I fully allow that the argument from consciousness (mind, I don't say from conscience) is all rubbish. To assert an intuition, or an innate idea of God, is not only a pure assumption, but an untrue assumption, and the well-meaning people who assert it are the enemies, not the friends of Theism. For God's sake don't set up a man of straw and knock him down, and then boast of your victory over Theism."

Cholmeley laughed. "He is not the only man of straw. There is another equally ridiculous. Our good Theist tells me that in the human heart there is an inextinguishable craving after God, and therefore there must be a God after whom he craves. Now, in the first place, I don't think every man does crave after God, and even if it were so, this does not prove that a God exists, any more than the fact that every man desires a life free from pain proves that such a life is within our reach."

"Your man of straw, although I don't acknowledge him altogether as a friend, is this time not quite so ridiculous an adversary as you imagine. I never yet knew any one who longed for what was a pure nonentity. It is not true that every man desires a life free from pain, at least in this world. Look at the saints and their voluntary mortifications, crying out with St. Francis Xavier, *Amplius, Domine, amplius*—'more suffering, O Lord, more suffering,' or with St. Theresa, *Aut pati, aut mori*—'I would rather die than cease to suffer.' You are wrong there in point of fact. If you mean that a man desires a life free from pain as his ultimate goal of existence, I think that this is a valid argument for future happiness in some shape or other. Where you find in men in general, so far as we know, a craving after some object, you will find as a matter of experience not only that the object exists, but that the craving is one which can and will be satisfied, unless indeed the

person in whom it exists deliberately and of his own fault hinders its satisfaction. But we must not wander from our point. You tell me that you have found the arguments generally adduced by Protestant theologians for the existence of a God unsatisfactory. I thoroughly agree with you. There is not one of those I know of, from Locke to the last writer on the subject, who really establishes his position against the sceptic. In fact, if anything could have made me doubt the existence of a God, it is the utter feebleness and often the hopeless contradictions of the greater part of its modern advocates. Do you remember at Oxford, how Mansel and Hamilton were put before us as champions of orthodoxy against Mill? Well, if you follow out their principles to their logical consequences, you will find that they are hopelessly entangled in the Agnostic net, and as for the rank and file of Protestant defenders of Theism, one does not know whether most to admire their loyalty to beliefs they cannot establish on any basis of reason, or to lament the evil that is done by their attempting to construct on a rotten foundation a tower of defence against scepticism."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say so," answered Cholmeley, "I always fancied that the stock arguments were common alike to Protestant and Catholic Theists. I am only speaking from impression, for I confess I never mastered the Catholic writers on the subject: I once made an attempt on some scholastic logician, but his mediæval sort of style and unintelligible Latin soon drove me back discomfited."

"I do not wonder," said Saville. "To understand scholastic logicians a scholastic training and a skilled teacher is necessary. We sadly need a series of English manuals on philosophical subjects. But I hope you will not credit the schoolmen with the feebleness of the Protestant Theist."

"You know well enough," was the reply, "that I have a sort of innate respect for all things Catholic, but you cannot expect me to believe in a God merely because in your opinion the Catholic advocates of Theism prove their point. If their arguments are so convincing, how is it that there are any atheists? If they prove incontestably that there is a God, how is it that men are to be found, men too of great ability and culture, men who are well versed in the Catholic side of the question, and yet are unbelievers? You are not going to tell me that they all go about with a lie in their mouth, believing in their heart there is a God and denying it with their lips."

"There, my dear Cholmeley, you touch on a very delicate and difficult question. You will allow me, I am sure, to tell you plainly and without offence what the Catholic Church teaches on this subject. First of all, I ask you to bear in mind the difference between a *sufficient* argument and a *resistless* argument, between one which is *convincing* and one which is *compelling*. In the one case you can manage to find some evasion, in the other you cannot; in the one case you deserve indeed to be called wrong-headed if you do not assent to the argument, but in the other to be called a simple fool. Thus the argument for the reality of the early Kings of Rome is a convincing argument, but yet some ingenious people regard them as myths; whereas the arguments for the existence of the City of Pekin are resistless, and any one who said that it was but a fable of geographers would be looked upon as having one of the lobes of his brain affected, even though on all other matters he might be very sensible and prudent. The arguments for the existence of God are convincing, not compelling arguments. You can always find what our professor in theology called an *effugium*, some way of backing out, which saves you from absolutely contradicting yourself or running counter to obvious common sense. Now comes the delicate matter to which I allude, and on which I fear you may think me narrow and uncharitable. When an argument is resistless all rational men accede to it, but when it is short of this, but yet in itself sufficient to convince, you will find a divergence of opinion among a certain number. Granting the same amount of natural ability and the same possession of the necessary points of the argument, you will find that those who reject such an argument are (putting aside abnormal eccentricities) those whose interest it is to reject it, or who have some strong influence moving their will to reject it. Such an influence leads them to make the very most of any possible difficulty which can be raised against it, and to slur over its strong parts, or find plausible objections to them, and so they manage to convince themselves or fancy they are convinced. Take a claimant in some disputed case at law. The arguments against him are convincing, but not resistless. The Judges on the Bench are perfectly satisfied that he is wrong, yet the fact of his pecuniary interests being at stake somehow prevents him from seeing the force of the opponent's case—in good faith or in a sort of good faith he thinks he see a weak point in their

arguments. He comes to the question, in Aristotle's words, *οὐκ ἀδέκαστος*, not without a bribe in his pocket which warps his judgment and prevents him from being perfectly impartial. It is just the same in the arguments respecting the existence of a God. Mankind at large regard them as sufficient and more than sufficient, but there are a certain number who fail to be convinced by them, and the reason is that they too come to the question not unbribed. For one reason or another the idea of an over-ruling Providence is distasteful to them. They don't care about having an all-piercing Eye watching them and searching their inmost hearts, or else they have no liking for stooping down and putting their necks under the yoke of One who claims from them absolute and unlimited submission. They crave after independence, and look out for some flaws, real or imaginary, in the arguments which establish the existence of this Supreme Ruler, who watches them by night and by day, and to whom they will have to give an account of every action and every thought. By exercising a certain ingenuity and availing themselves of a number of plausible objections which lie scattered in all directions, they convince themselves that perhaps after all there is no God, or, rather I should say, they drift into a sort of doubt, which is at first a plaything of their fancy, but as time goes on manages to establish it in their intelligence, and when once it has firmly taken root there, their mental and moral struggles are pretty well over. If the lawgiver is a doubtful being his laws do not bind and they are free. Some of them rejoice in their independence, while the better kind still long mournfully after Him whom they have banished: like your friend quoted above."

"I wish you would explain yourself a little more clearly."

"Certainly. Any one who gives up his belief in God does so because, consciously or unconsciously, he finds God rather an inconvenient Person in the universe. In most cases, as far as my own experience goes, he is bribed by the desire to yield to his passions without being haunted by the disagreeable thought of a God who will punish with severity the deliberate setting at nought of His Law. I do not say that he realizes this to himself, but from early youth, perhaps from boyhood, he has given himself up to indulge desires against which the struggle was difficult and the indulgence of them easy and pleasant. For a long time there sounded within him a most

disagreeable voice reproaching him with his disobedience to the God whose existence he had taken for granted from childhood. This voice he hates and disregards, and after a time is pleased to find that it sounds less clearly and at length is almost silent. About this time he somehow or other has occasion to look into First Principles. He reads some plausible defence of agnosticism, or some clever ridicule of things divine. Bribed already by his own desire to escape from the punishment which he knows he has incurred from God, if there is a God, he moves the previous question, and asks himself whether the difficulties to Theism are not at least sufficient to make it a matter of doubt, and so to excuse him from the doubtful law which he so much dislikes and from the unpleasant consequences of breaking it. The wish is father to the thought, and the thought soon grows strong within him. Nay, when the motives for unbelief are gone, and the old temptations have disappeared, when smiling wife and rosy youngsters deck his prosperous home, still the belief in God comes not back, or if it returns at all, comes back in some convenient form which satisfies the society around him, but is no real act of submission to the Supreme Ruler whom he has defied. Now, mind, I do not say this is always the case. There is another motive which often produces the same result, and which I fancy, if I may say so, has been the case of your present position. For I know, my dear Cholmeley, how unimpeachable a moral character you always bore."

"Saville, you always thought too well of me and judged me by yourself. I never ran recklessly into vice, but I am afraid I cannot any the more for that claim to be the spotless character you fancy. I never did anything to disgrace myself—but I think it was from prudence and self-respect rather than from any other motive."

"I believe that is true," answered Saville, "it is to this that I was coming. There is a class of men who have lost their sense of God from a vice far more dangerous than the vice of lust. Perhaps they have no strong temptations, or have in them that innate hatred of vice and love of purity which many an English mother hands on to her children. It is no credit to them. It is an inherited tendency. It is one of God's best gifts in the natural order—but it has no supernatural value and may even turn to the injury of him in whom it is found. For it is often accompanied by or tends to the far more dangerous vice of pride."

"I don't think I know what you mean by pride," said Cholmeley. "I rather believe in an honest pride which makes a man respect himself and be ashamed of what is dishonourable or unworthy of him."

"I mean by pride," continued Saville, "that inordinate desire of one's own excellence that shows itself in rebellion against authority, in the hatred of correction, in the tendency to justify oneself and one's own actions, and that in spite of a consciousness of being in the wrong. When you were quite a little boy at school, you were always bent on having your own way. Do you remember how badly you treated M. Delapierre, the French Master, and how you would not apologize till your House Master told you that it was ungentlemanlike to treat a foreigner with discourtesy, and then at last you gave in? Poor Wright, too, that Master that took the Fifth for a time, perhaps he was a little hard on you, but nothing could excuse your refusal to submit to him. I never saw any one so ingenious in resistance and so determined not to obey. You fought him in school and you fought him out of school. I do believe that at last it was because of you that he left."

"Saville, you are wandering from the point. You undertook to prove the existence of a God, and you are bringing up school stories. I know I behaved very badly to my masters."

"No, I am not wandering. I want to show you what was the bribe that made you a partial judge in discussing the existence of a God. You always disliked submission. You always seemed bent on having the upper hand. It was just the same at Oxford. The Dons were afraid of you. There was a quiet, determined power of resistance in you that made you refuse to put your neck under the yoke, and when the claims of God to your submission came before you, your pride rebelled against them and sooner than acknowledge them you began to question whether they had any real existence, until at last you persuaded yourself into your present state of mind. Yet I must say this for you, knowing you so well as I do, that in all your rebellion I somehow invariably detected a sort of underlying desire to find your Master, though I am not sure that you ever succeeded. And I believe now that in your heart of hearts you would rejoice if you could be convinced of the existence of a God: who would drag you down from your throne of independence and deprive you of your unrestrained liberty of action."

Cholmeley laughed. "I know I have been a perverse, self-

willed reprobate from my youth up, but you are quite right in thinking that in the midst of it all I somehow yearned after one who would subdue me. Unhappily I almost always came off victor in the struggle. This has been the case whenever I have discussed the question of Theism with men who profess to believe. They could not answer my arguments, and this strengthened me in my unbelief. Very often I could answer my own arguments, in fact I am quite ready to allow that the ordinary objections to Theism are not worth much. The existence of evil in the world and the eternity of punishment do not seem to me at all insuperable difficulties. It is the building up which is my difficulty, the constructive process by which the existence of God is to be demonstrated. If it is such an obvious matter, as theists assert, why do they not put forward the proof of it so that he who runs may read?"

"I have already told you," answered Saville, "that the arguments though convincing are not resistless. They can be evaded, though not escaped. They have no power to persuade a man against his will, nay, there is required a certain *pia credulitas*, which means not pious credulity, but a loyal readiness to believe, without which they do not avail. Just as no man saves his soul without his own consent, so no man accepts the existence of God if he sets his face against it."

"I am sure," said Cholmeley, "I don't want to set my face against it. I want to believe; I wish I could believe. Put before me any reasonable proof and see if I am not willing to allow it its full force."

"I will do my best," said Saville. "But first I must remind you that there are two different processes by which the intellect becomes convinced of the existence of God. The one is that which develops itself instinctively in the minds of the young. The process by which they arrive at their belief is a complex one; a number of different influences combine to produce it. I am not now concerned with the details of it, or the various elements which contribute to its formation. I am simply dealing with the fact. Somehow there grows up in the mind of children the notion of a Supreme Being external to themselves, on whom they and all else depend, in whom are united all possible perfections, and who has an absolute right to their obedience. In other words, there grows up within them the notion of a God, often very indistinct and confused, but still always sufficiently defined to render them personally responsible to

Him. Even in the most degraded savage these influences are at work, and without any external instruction the light that shines in the heart of every one born into the world gives sufficient data to enable him to arrive at the idea of a Great Spirit who rewards and punishes. This is the first process by which the existence of God is arrived at. Do you allow of its reality?"

"Yes, I think I do, but it seems to me valueless as an argument for Theism, any more than any other childish notion which wider experience and more exact thought gradually sets aside."

"I do not use it as an argument, except indirectly; I do not say that it is a process of formal logic which takes place in the childish mind; but you must allow that somehow or other it is connatural to children, and seems to come almost of itself, so much so that a denial of God on childish lips jars even on the Atheist, who as a rule has no wish that his children should imitate his example, at all events during their early years."

"That may be because the idea of God is useful as a moral lever to the unformed intelligence; but it does not follow that it has any reality corresponding to it, any more than the black man up the chimney who is to carry off the naughty child that disobeys the nurse."

"Yes, and the nurse is justly condemned by every prudent mother for the mischievous bugbear she invents, whereas all prudent men recognize the beneficial influence of the belief in a God on the budding intelligence and pliant will of those whose habits are yet unformed. But I do not press this argument. I merely notice it as I pass on to those which derive their value not from their moral usefulness or their power to persuade, but from their own inherent logical force. Again, I would remind you that though they are conclusive arguments, yet they do not force the intellect under pain of direct self-contradiction."

"My dear Saville, I am sure I don't want to be forced, I only want to be convinced."

"Very good; then I will begin with an argument which has often been the object of fierce attack from modern scientists, and which I allow has been sometimes urged with imprudent exaggeration by well-meaning theologians. I mean the argument from Design. It may be stated as follows. The order existing in

the world, the universal prevalence of Law, the adaptation of means to ends clearly prove the world to have been framed by a Being external to it, who is possessed of the highest wisdom and knowledge and power. Such a Being must therefore have existed before the world was made. It is this Being whom we call God."

"Forgive me for interrupting you at the outset," said Cholmeley, "but do you really mean to say that the world bears witness to the highest wisdom on the part of the Being who framed it? Do you mean to tell me that the adaptability of means to ends is throughout the universe so perfect as to testify to an absolute perfection of the wisdom of its Author? If so, facts are all against you. Nothing in the world is perfect. Some sceptic has said that the human eye, which theologians are so fond of pointing to as an almighty piece of perfect mechanism is but a clumsy bit of workmanship at best, and would be returned to any respectable mechanician as destitute of all sorts of appliances required for a perfect instrument of sight, and I think this is true. Look too at all the waste there is in the world, all the failures—I mean in the material order—all the feeble contrivances which do not produce the effect for which they were designed, all the beings who come into existence only to perish, all the flowers which waste their sweetness on the air, all the living creatures unprovided with the means necessary to preserve their life, all the countless objects which by their countless imperfections seem to protest against being accounted the workmanship of a perfect being. I do not deny that there is evidence, irrefragable evidence in the world around us of which we should say, if we were speaking of the works of men, that it testifies to a designer of high intelligence. But this is very different from saying that it testifies to a designer of absolute and perfect wisdom and omnipotent power, all whose works must be perfect like Himself."

"My dear Cholmeley, your objection is a perfectly sound one if it be urged against the direct proof of the perfection of God from the perfection of the world around. The world is, I allow, imperfect in a thousand points. Nay, I go so far with you as to say that nothing in it is perfect. There is nothing which might not be improved upon if we look upon the immediate end for which it exists. A better organ of vision might be designed than the eye, and a better organ of hearing than the ear. Leibnitz' idea that the world is about as perfect as it can be is

an absurdity. The world is full of imperfections in the physical order. There seems to us to be a great deal of waste and a great many failures. But this does not in the least make against my argument. Nay, it goes to prove it. For you allow that if there is a God, He is a God of infinite wisdom and power."

"Certainly, else He would not be God."

"And that He has at His disposal unlimited perfections with which He can adorn His works?"

"Of course He has."

"And that whatever perfections He bestows there are always further perfections which He might bestow and does not?"

"Yes, I suppose it must be so."

"Well, then, what else is this but allowing that the works of a being of Infinite Perfection are necessarily imperfect?"

"Yes, that is quite true, but it does not altogether answer my objection. It accounts, I allow, for what I should call negative imperfections, but not for positive imperfections. I mean it does not account for the failure of many a being in the world to fulfil the end for which it was intended. The graceful flower is growing up to its perfection, when lo and behold the nipping frost or biting wind passes over it, and it dies untimely. The delicate mechanism of the eye finds no sufficient protection against external influences which destroy its sight. The fleetness of the young gazelle does not save it from the lion or the wolf. The rain is often insufficient to nourish the thirsty plants or to supply the wants of the living creatures upon the earth. Do not all these failures point to a Designer of limited and imperfect capacity?"

"No, they do not," answered Saville, "they are not failures at all as regards the ultimate end for which all things exist. I allow that they seem to us to be failures, and are failures in respect of their proximate and immediate end, but this is very different from saying that they are failures with regard to some higher and more important end. When the poor sheep sees her plump little lambs torn from her ere they are full grown, would she not say that their existence was a failure? When she herself is robbed of her woolly fleece and stands shivering in the cold east wind, would she not say that the wool that was being carried off in the baskets had failed of the end for which it was made? She cannot understand the higher end that her lambs and her fleece are to subserve. So if there exists a God, removed as He is far more from us than we above the beasts of

the field, can we expect to know all His designs and to see how those little incidents which seem to us mistakes are really a perfect fulfilment of the Divine plan?"

"There you are falling back on mystery. I allow that if there is a God, all that you say is a solution of the difficulty; but I am urging my objection against your proof. I do not deny that those apparent imperfections may be really subordinate to some higher perfections that they subserve, but I insist that with these apparent failures before you, you cannot derive from the world around the proof of a perfect and all-wise and all-powerful Maker of it."

"Yes, Cholmeley, you are quite right. I fully concede that the argument from design proves no more than this—that the world around us is the work of a Being of high intelligence and great power. I do not prove the fact of creation from it, nor do I prove the omnipotence of the Creator. All that I insist upon is that the marks of design are so unmistakeable, that no intelligent man can believe that it could have come into being without an intelligent designer."

"I am inclined to think this," answered Cholmeley, "but you know the answer of the modern scientists. They say that this argument is worth nothing, because it proceeds from a false analogy. The intelligent designer *from* whom you argue is a human being whose intelligence consists in adapting existing materials and existing laws to the end he has in view, whereas the Designer *to* whom you argue is supposed to have no existing materials and no laws to bind Him."

"Yes, that is perfectly true. The wisdom of God consists in establishing the laws and erecting the materials which they govern. But surely this is a higher proof of wisdom than the mere employment of pre-existing laws and materials."

"No, they do not allow this. They say, that the materials were eternal force and eternal matter, and that the laws grew up themselves out of the various combinations of matter and force which presented themselves from time to time under new relations and fresh circumstances."

"My dear Cholmeley, you must be aware that here our good friends are talking nonsense. What do they mean by saying that new laws grew up? A new set of circumstances does not evolve a new law unless the law be somehow already present. The fact is that these worthy experimentalists under a cloud of words read in the law into the circumstances, and then point

out in what a wonderful way the circumstances have developed the law."

"Yes, I allow that their arguments are very feeble in their process of law manufacture. But I do not see why, in the course of billions of ages, the orderly arrangement of the world should not have presented itself by the mere law of fortuitous combinations, and have persisted by virtue of its superiority to all the combinations which had preceded it?"

"I know that argument well," answered Saville. "In the case of ages the letters of the alphabet tossed together at random would produce the *Iliad*—so the various atoms or molecules or forces would produce fair mother earth. But those who argue thus forget to tell us why this fortuitous combination should be persistent any more than any of those which preceded it."

"Why, because of its superiority, by the law of the survival of the fittest."

"But why is it superior and more fit to endure?"

"I imagine because of its symmetry and order."

"Why, in saying this they are granting the whole Theist argument! They are admitting unconsciously that when those evolutions first began there was a primary law existing somewhere or other—the law of order, of symmetry, and of means to ends. Whence came this law if not from the intelligence of a Lawgiver? If not, why should this fortuitous combination, which was superior to all that preceded it, hold its own against some subsequent change which once more introduced hopeless and utter confusion. It is the old story, Mill and Bain and all the lot profess to argue from experience, pure and simple, whereas when you come to analyze their experience it means experience *plus* such assumptions as under a show of fair seeming words they introduce secretly into their system. Is not this true?"

"I believe it is: but let us come back to your proof of a God. Unless I mistake you, you say that the world must be made by an Intelligent Being because the laws which govern it can only have sprung of Intelligence."

"Yes, and I say something more than this. I say that it may have been made by a being of Perfect Intelligence, or, to speak more correctly, of Infinite Wisdom, and that the apparent imperfections of the world are no obstacle to this."

"But all this does not prove the existence of God."

"No, it does not, and it is one of the exaggerations to which I alluded that men urge the argument from Design as in itself

conclusive. It is conclusive so far as it proves the existence of an Intelligent Being outside the world who *arranged* it. But to prove that He *created* it, that He is self-caused, that He is infinite, you must turn to another line of argument."

"What is that?"

"There are several equally forcible. Out of them I will choose one which I think simple and telling. The argument I allude to proceeds as follows. Everywhere around us we perceive effects following from causes and causes producing effects. All the causes which fall within the range of our experience are at the same time both causes and effects. While they themselves produce some effect, they are also in their turn effects of some cause. They are called subordinate or dependent causes. There is a long series of them; each member of the series is the effect of the preceding member and the cause of the member which follows it. Every cause of which we have any knowledge has this double character. But our reason tells us that this string of causes and effects must be limited at both ends. We see the limit at one end in the ultimate effect present to us. There is no doubt about that, and we cannot help a conviction that there must be a limit too at the other end, and that we cannot go on from one cause to another *in infinitum*."

"I do not quite see that. Why should there not be an infinite series stretching away into all eternity?"

"Even if there were an infinite series, the difficulty would not be solved, for as every member of the series is a subordinate or dependent cause, the whole series would have the same character. A number of things each of which is essentially dependent in its character, cannot become independent by their being added together."

"Why not? A number of sticks, none of which can stand upright, can do so perfectly well when there is a bundle of them."

"I am afraid your comparison will not help you. Your sticks are not essentially prone to fall. If any of them is straight enough and still thick, it will stand perfectly well by itself, whereas all causes known to us are essentially unable to produce themselves, and therefore are dependent on a cause outside of themselves for their production. In order that the series should stand by itself and be independent of anything outside of itself, one member of it at least must be perfectly independent and self-produced. Such a cause would not be a

subordinate cause at all, and would therefore have no place in such a series of causes as we are speaking of."

"I think I see that, but what is your conclusion?"

"Why, that outside the long series of dependent subordinate causes which falls within the range of our experience (whether such a series could be infinite does not matter to our argument), outside of this, I say, there must be a cause which is neither subordinate nor dependent, but in every possible aspect independent and the primary cause of all the rest—in other words, the First Cause, or God."

"Are you not getting on a little too fast? If all the causes within the range of our experience are subordinate and dependent, and have, so far as we know, a beginning in time, experience is in contradiction with the existence of any independent and primary cause, or at all events declares our incapacity to assert it as a fact, inasmuch as it is altogether beyond our ken."

"I am glad you reminded me of the objection. It is a good instance of the arguments of the so-called school of experience. My argument was this. 'All causes which fall within the range of our experience are dependent. But it is a contradiction in terms to talk of dependent causes unless they have something to depend upon. Therefore there must be in existence some cause on which all dependent causes depend and which itself depends on none.' The experimentalists answer that in making this inference we are going beyond experience, and that it is therefore an unwarranted assumption. If this is so, all argument is at an end, for they, by thus limiting our knowledge to the facts of experience, are taking for granted the impossibility of all knowledge except of that which falls immediately within the range of sense. I think they would scarcely go so far as this; in fact, every conclusion they draw is a virtual denial of it."

"Yes, that is true; but now I have another difficulty. Why do you assume that this First Cause is identical with God? Why should it not be an impersonal, eternal force which has developed itself under various forms and phases. Modern physicists tell us that even matter is but another form of force. Why not all else?"

"I have been a little premature, I admit, in speaking of the First Cause as God. I therefore will merely assume as proved that all things are the product of some one First Cause, which is itself uncaused but is the cause of all the rest."

"Yes, you have proved that to my satisfaction."

"Now I take you back to experience. Whenever we compare an effect with its cause, we find that the cause comprises actually or virtually all the perfections contained in the effect. This is not only a fact of universal experience, but it is a law based on the very nature of things. Every part of an effect as such is by the meaning of the word itself *effected* or produced by its cause. To deny this is once more a contradiction in terms. I know that Mill and the Experimental school deny this. Your friend whom you quoted as an able critic of Theism has a passage I should like you to hear, and Mill another equally conclusive. The first of these passages is as follows :

First we may notice the argument which is well and tersely presented by Locke, thus: "Whatsoever is first of all things must necessarily contain in it, and actually have, at least, all the perfections that can ever after exist; nor can it ever give to another any perfection that it hath not actually in itself, or at least in a higher degree; it necessarily follows that the first eternal being cannot be matter." Now, as this presentation is strictly formal, I shall meet it first with a formal reply, and this reply consists in a direct contradiction. It is simply untrue that "whatsoever is first of all things must necessarily contain in it, and actually have, at least all the perfections that can ever after exist;" or that "it can never give to another any perfection that it hath not actually in itself." In a sense, no doubt, a cause contains all that is contained in its effects, the latter context being potentially present in the former. But to say that a cause already contains actually all that its effects may afterwards so contain, is a statement which logic and common sense alike condemn as absurd.

Here if you like is a good instance of word-juggling. Notice he omits all notice of the all-important words, *or at least in a higher degree*. And then he throws dust in our eyes by the word *potentially*, which, if it means anything at all, means exactly the same as the words he overlooks. Then, having thus misrepresented his author, and juggled in a long word in his own unphilosophical sense, he knocks us down with a charge of making a statement which logic and common sense alike condemn as absurd.

"Now Locke is perfectly correct here, if he means by a higher degree a higher order in the universe. Every cause contains all the perfection of the effect, either actually or in this higher form. *Nemo dat quod non habet*. No cause can convey to its effect what it does not itself possess. But it may possess—often does possess—the perfection of the effect in some higher and nobler

form. The efficient cause of the painting is the ideal in the painter's mind, worked out by his skilful hand; as present on the canvas it lacks many of the perfections of the idea which he has sought and elaborated. Not only are the emotions, virtues, desires represented by him in the picture an imperfect realization of his conception, but the spiritual thought comes out in material form, the mental picture takes a tangible and perishable shape. The perfection of the picture is the effect once contained in the ideal, not *actually* but *virtually*, and in a higher degree. It is in this way that the perfections of all subordinate causes, that is, of all things which exist, are contained in the First Cause. There is not and cannot be anything worthy of our admiration in all things around us which is not present in Him who is the Cause of all. In God there are summed up all the glories, virtues, perfections, of all created things—only in an infinitely higher and more glorious form. He contains all these *virtually*, or to use the scholastic term, *eminenter*. How could the First Cause have imparted them to the effects of which He is the Cause, unless He possessed them Himself? He possesses all the varied beauties of the material universe, not under their gross material form, but under one which comprises all that is beautiful and attractive in them, and banishes all their shortcomings and imperfections and defects. Look at those clouds bathed in the golden light of the setting sun. Look at the many-dimpled ocean at our feet. Glorious and beautiful as they are, their beauty is but like a speck of dust compared with a noble mountain range, if it is placed side by side with the corresponding beauty in God."

"I don't quite see," remarked Cholmeley, "how an Invisible, Immaterial Being can comprise these material beauties. Surely His Beauty would differ in kind from the beauty that catches our eye or delights our ear."

"Yes, it does differ in kind, but at the same time comprises it all. His cannot indeed be a material beauty, but the materiality is a defect, not an excellence. In God it is purged of that defect, and thus its beauty is raised to a higher order. Even now, material beings as we are, it is not the gross matter that we admire. What it conveys to us the pleasure that we experience as we watch the scene before us? It is the rays of light reflected from cloud and sea and striking upon the eye. Surely it is not difficult to conceive that the same effects will be produced in us when we are face to face with Him who is the Source of all

Light and all Beauty, and that His Divine Beauty will not only infinitely surpass but also include all those beauties which are at present tied down to matter as it were by an iron chain."

"Yes; I think I see what you mean. But I have another difficulty which cuts at the root of your argument. I am not prepared to admit that a cause contains, either actually or virtually, all the perfection of its effect. Mill puts this very well, as it seems to me. He is discussing whether it is necessary that mind should be produced by mind. He says:

Apart from experience, and arguing on what is called reason, that is, on supposed self-evidence, the notion seems to be, that no causes can give rise to products of a more precious or elevated kind than themselves. But this is at variance with the known analogies of nature. How vastly nobler and more precious, for instance, are the higher vegetables and animals than the soil and manure out of which, and by the properties of which, they are raised up! The tendency of all recent speculation is towards the opinion that the development of inferior orders of existence into superior, the substitution of greater elaboration and higher organization for lower, is the general rule of nature. Whether it is so or not, there are at least in nature a multitude of facts bearing that character and this is sufficient for the argument.

Now is not this true? Look at the delicate and graceful form and rich glowing colours of a plant, which springs of an ugly little seed, nourished by certain external influences none of which has in it any of the glories of the living plant. Here are perfections in the effect which certainly are not to be found in any of the producing causes. There is, moreover, the well-established doctrine of the survival of the fittest and the law of natural selection, which here upset the old landmarks, and among them this time-honoured doctrine of cause and effect."

"I am glad you have mentioned this objection of Mill. It is the very one which I was myself going to bring forward. I should not like to say that it is a dishonest objection, but at all events it is a very shallow one. Take that ugly little seed and examine it with a powerful microscope, and you will find contained in it the germs of all the varied and graceful forms that are afterwards developed in the plant. You will find nothing in the grown plant which did not exist radically or germinally in the seed which produced it. And as to the colours, good Mr. Mill forgets that the sun pours down upon it the brilliancy of its light, and that without that light it will be a pale sickly thing born soon to perish. As to the noble animals which are raised

up out of soil and manure, they exist only in Mr. Mill's prolific fancy!"

"You have said nothing about the development of higher forms from lower."

"No, and I cannot enter on so wide a question. I would only lay down three principles which I do not think any Evolutionist will deny:

1. That there is no trace whatever of any production of life out of non-life in the world around.
2. That there is no certain proof of any new faculty having come into existence, but only of the perfecting of those which had previously a rudimentary existence.
3. That although natural selection and the survival of the fittest will explain a great deal, it leaves unsoluble mysteries behind it.

Now Theism leaves no unsoluble mysteries behind it. It does not deny the law of evolution or the principles which regulate it, but it keeps it in bounds, and is on its guard against exaggeration or unwarrantable deductions from it. It lays down the principle that evolution can put into the created world nothing that was not there already, virtually waiting to be developed in due time. Now I want to bring you back to my argument. It is this. All causes cannot be subordinate—there must be one to which all else subserve. You are with me so far."

"Yes," said Cholmeley, slowly. "But I do not see how you have upset the theory that all things are a development of Primeval Force."

"No, I have not, if you allow the meaning of Force to be the Power of a Personal God acting according to His goodwill. But if you mean by Force, blind, mechanical, material Force, such a theory is opposed to the law of cause and effect. You are at one with me in asserting that nothing exists in the effect which is not already contained in some way in the cause."

"Yes, that seems to me a true principle."

"Well, if that is the case, God, the First Cause, must contain all the perfections of all His creatures—all their beauty, all their glory, all their magnificence, all their intelligence. He has created beings capable of holiness, and therefore He must be essentially and perfectly Holy; capable of happiness, and therefore He must dwell in a realm of unapproachable Happiness. He has created personal beings, and therefore He too must be a Personal Being."

"Are you not proceeding rather too fast? Why should I not go on to say that He has created material beings, and therefore He too must be material."

"Why, for the very simple reason that materiality is an imperfection."

"But is not personality also something limited and imperfect? My experience of *persons* is of individuals whose nature is, according to your own showing, limited and dependent."

"Yes, but not in virtue of their personality. The limitation comes not from your being a person but from your being a created person. Personality is defined as the subsistence of a rational nature as an individual being, and this definition is applicable to God as well as to man, only for rational we must substitute intellectual. God is a person just as much as you are, only His Personality, like all His other attributes, belongs to a higher order than yours, from the mere fact that He is the First Cause of all, Himself uncaused; that on Him all things depend while He is independent of all; that the perfections immediately known to us are the perfections of created things, while the Perfections of God are the Perfections of the Creator. But the various objections that we have started have perhaps a little obscured the general drift of my argument, which is this: It is impossible that all the causes existing in the universe should be without exception subordinate and dependent causes; there must be, from the very nature of things, one which is primary and independent—the First Cause and Source of all the rest. As every cause contains either actually or virtually the perfections of the rest, this First Cause will contain the perfection of all subordinate causes, and will be supreme above them all. Is this a fair statement of the case?"

"Yes," said Cholmeley, "and, to tell the truth, I think your adversary would be hard put to avoid the force of your argument."

"Well," said Saville, "if you grant me this I am satisfied. I do not ask you to accept my conclusions in a hurry, but I do ask you to see what are the consequences that follow from it if it is correct."

"What are these consequences?"

"Why it follows that on this Supreme Being you depend not only for your existence, but for every breath you draw and every movement you make; that in virtue of your absolute

dependence you owe Him absolute homage and obedience ; that His will must be your law ; that you acknowledge and rejoice in your dependence on Him ; that as He is your first beginning so He is your last end ; that the aim and object of your life is to praise Him, serve Him, and show Him reverence, and by so doing to become like to Him so far as the creature can be like to his Creator, to be perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect. It follows too that all happiness is to be found in likeness to Him, and that the supreme felicity of which we are capable is to be made like to Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

"Yes," said Cholmeley, thoughtfully, "I think all this follows logically from the existence of a First Cause. But I am surprised that I have heard nothing from you of the argument from the universal consent of mankind, or from the moral law which conscience proclaims. I confess I have been strengthened in my scepticism by reading and hearing these put forward as conclusive arguments when they seemed to me nothing of the sort."

"I would not say that," answered Saville. "I believe these arguments are in themselves good, but as instruments of carrying conviction to an inquirer I confess I have not any great confidence in them. They admit of such easy and such plausible evasions. At the same time they are confirmatory arguments, and if only time permitted I think I could put them in a way that would make the metaphysical arguments I have urged come home to you more, and appeal to you with more force as concrete realities. I will try and do so at some future day."

"I hope you will," said Cholmeley, "but I have had enough for the present. Just let me run over your two arguments, to make sure that I have caught your point. The first was that all the world around us gives clear evidence of its having been designed by an Intelligent Being. You do not bring forward the argument as proving the absolute perfection of His intelligence, inasmuch as the world is full of imperfections, which are, however, a necessary element even in the work of an absolutely Perfect Being, inasmuch as He always has room to add fresh perfections to His own work. But you say that the universe at least manifests a high degree of wisdom and power in Him who established the laws which govern it, for those could not have sprung up of themselves, or be due to various combinations of force and matter occurring fortuitously, but must be the work of an Intelligent Being.

"Your second argument was that all causes known to us are at the same time causes and effects, but that this cannot be the case with every existing cause, else there would be no first member in the series. There must be a Primary Cause, and this Primary Cause contains in itself all the perfections of subordinate causes, including intellect, will, personality, and is therefore a Supreme, Intelligent, Personal God, who has created all things, and for whose pleasure they were and are created."

"Why, Cholmeley," said Saville, "there is not much of the sceptic about the way you have put my arguments. But may I add one further consequence—I do not say of the fact, but of the possibility of the existence of a Supreme First Cause?"

"Certainly."

"Why, simply this, that *if* the First Cause exists, He must be the source of all light, material and intellectual, and therefore, if you wish to see clearly, you will do well to ask of Him that you may see your way out of the perplexing mists of scepticism."

Cholmeley laughed. "That is asking me to assume as a fact the very conclusion that you have been trying to prove. Yes," he added, "indeed I will—in spite of my old rebellion and waywardness. God knows I desire to believe, and put my neck under the yoke before it is too late. You must not expect me to turn round all in a moment, but I will carefully consider all that you have said, and you at least will, I am sure, pray for me that I may see my way clearly to the light."

R. F. C.

*The Leakage of the Catholic Church in England: its Remedy.*¹

THE majority of writers upon the subject of the conversion of England are wont to congratulate themselves upon the gigantic strides which the Church has made in this country since the re-establishment of the Hierarchy. They never tire of pointing out that "since 1850 our priests and churches have more than doubled, our monasteries have increased eight-fold, and where we had one child at school then we have ten now."² No one can dispute the accuracy of this statement, nay, we are all ready to acknowledge with a feeling of intense thankfulness and wondering awe the change that has come over the land during the last half-century. There is, however, one manifest danger in the too frequent iteration of facts of this nature, viz., its tendency to make us sit down with folded arms and indulge in the soothing belief that the battle is already won, or, at least, that we have taken all the steps necessary to ensure success and may await victory with confidence.

Such a state of mind is full of peril, and we ought therefore to be thankful to any one who will rouse us from it, however rough the method of the awakening may be. In the year 1884 two warning notes were sounded, one in the form of a small pamphlet by Lord Brayne, the other an article in the *Dublin Review* by Professor Mivart. They were very different in tone, and we should not name them together were it not that they had more or less the same scope, and both set men

¹ The substance of this paper was read in the Divines' room at Oscott in November last. The Bishop of Salford's pamphlet, *The Loss of our Children*, which appeared in the same month, followed as it was by articles and correspondence in the *Tablet*, has completely altered the aspect of the whole question, so that statements may now be put forward confidently, which were before advanced with some diffidence. The writer has made additions and has inserted such quotations from the pamphlet as bear more directly on the subject or confirm his own conclusions.

² *Tablet*, April 7, 1883.

thinking. Our object is not to criticize the general line taken by these writers, nor to examine any of their complaints or suggestions, for this was done at the time by Mr. Little in the *Dublin Review* and by a number of correspondents in the *Tablet*. We shall confine ourselves to one point and almost to one remedy, not that the others lack interest or are unimportant, but because these would hardly seem to have received the attention which they deserve. Our end will be fully attained if we succeed in inducing thought which will lead to immediate action.

Professor Mivart then in one passage in his essay hints that our progress in England is by no means what it should be—he even quotes the opinion of some one else to show that when the increase of population is taken into account we are steadily losing ground. He gives no figures, but the simple fact of an author of his weight so nearly adopting such a statement invests it with some probability. This probability will, we venture to think, be increased by a careful consideration of the following calculations, made to show the proportion in which Catholics stood to the whole population in the years 1861 and 1881 :

TABLE A. 1861. We are told that the Catholic population of England and Wales in any given year may be ascertained from the number of baptisms by multiplication, but people differ as to what the multiple should be. Opinions are various, but the range seems to be between 20 and 30. The number of baptisms in 1861 was 50,000. According then to the multiple we fix upon we shall obtain one of the three following results :

With multiple	The total Catholic population of England and Wales would be in 1861	The per centage of Catholics to the whole population of England and Wales (18,630,541), according to the census of 1861, would be
30	1,500,000	about 8'00 per cent.
25	1,250,000	" 6'70 "
20	1,000,000	" 5'36 "

TABLE B. 1881. We have no means of knowing the number of baptisms in 1881, so we must proceed differently.

- (1). Some would have us multiply the school attendances say 200,000, (see page 181 note) by 6. This would give . 1,200,000
 (2.) *Mulhall* puts the number down at . . . 1,068,112

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(3.) *Whitaker* says for *Great Britain* . 2,000,000
 from which deduct some estimate for *Scotland*,
e.g., *Mulhall's* 318,300 = 1,681,700
 This is obviously unsatisfactory, for *Whitaker's* estimate has stood at 2,000,000 for many years, and we cannot get the population of England and Wales without deducting *Mulhall's* estimate for *Scotland*.

(4.) *The Missiones Catholicae* (published in 1886 by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda) gives the number of Catholics of England and Wales as 1,353,575

We propose taking the last estimate as being a medium and as coming from a source likely to be well informed. Comparing it then with the census (25,974,439) we find that in 1881 Catholics are only 5.21% of the whole population.

These tables, then, show a loss of 0.15% in twenty years on the *lowest* estimate of 1861. If they are correct we have not kept pace with the population.³

It will be observed that all through these calculations we have leaned to the most favourable side, because at the time they were made we wished to avoid anything that sounded like exaggeration. We should probably not have been so careful to minimize, if we had not, when we were reckoning up our numbers, lost sight of a remarkable article by Mr. Edward Lucas, which appeared in *THE MONTH* in July, 1885. Mr. Lucas there shows that our loss during the last forty years, *exclusive of any allowance for conversions or for the immigration of Irish into this country*,⁴ has reached the awful total of 1,000,000 souls. We have seen no refutation of this estimate, neither do we detect in it, as some have done, any intrinsic impossibility. We simply ask our readers for the present to suspend their judgment.⁵ What we do very strongly insist upon is that the mere *suspicion* of a falling off in numbers furnishes more than sufficient ground for examining our position.

Such leakage as this should not be difficult to find. Where

³ The numbers given for the census were taken from the *Catholic Directory*. In revising the proof sheets we had occasion to refer to *Whitaker*, and find that he puts down the number of the whole population in 1861 at 20,066,224. If we take these figures the result will be the trifling gain in twenty years of 0.23% on the lowest estimate.

⁴ Mr. Lucas puts this immigration down, we believe, at three-quarters of a million. As regards conversions, we have seen them estimated elsewhere at from 6,000 to 8,000 annually.

⁵ There is an admirable summary of Mr. Lucas' article in the *League of the Cross Magazine* for August, 1885, price 1d.

then may we look for it? What class of the community is suffering most?

We may be guided in our search by a general principle, viz., that the Catholic Church has ever been distinguished as the Church of the poor—for to them especially was the Gospel to be preached—so that if numerous defections are going on, their ranks are the most likely to be affected.

Moreover light is thrown upon the matter by our past history, and that too points in the same direction. In the year 1866, a cry was raised, chiefly in the archdiocese, that a number of Catholic children were being robbed of their faith in the workhouses, reformatories, and industrial schools. In the metropolis alone the number was allowed to be over 1,000 and it was probably not less than 1,500. Those who wish to realize the then existing state of things will be well repaid by reading two articles in *THE MONTH* for the year 1866, which will enable them to gauge the depth of Protestant injustice. Suffice it to say here that priests were not allowed to visit these institutions unless sent for by an inmate, and even then they were obliged to restrict their ministrations to that inmate. The guardians had the power to forbid Catholic prayer-books and attendance at Mass or at the Sacraments, and they almost invariably exercised this power. They allowed Catholic children to be brought up Protestants and forced them to attend Protestant services.

We may pause here for one moment to compare this account of what was going on in Westminster twenty years ago with the present state of things in Salford and Manchester as brought to light by Dr. Vaughan. There has been an improvement without doubt—notably in the diminution of bigotry among the Guardians—but the parallel in parts is striking. The Bishop says:

Last year a horrible suspicion forced itself on my mind—that we were yearly losing a multitude of souls (p. 8).

One of the causes with which he deals is, “the workhouse system of education,” of which he says:

There are fourteen workhouse schools in the diocese, containing over 1,000 Catholic children.

The Board of Inquiry examined a number of priests who know our workhouse children and their history after they leave the workhouse for service. The answers were uniformly most distressing. The Report

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shows that of about 103 Catholic children, who annually leave workhouse schools in the neighbourhood of Manchester and Salford, hardly 20 persevere in their religion.

Do not suppose that the Guardians of the Poor are responsible for these sad results. Some Boards, it must be admitted, wholly ignore the religious requirements of the Catholic poor, whether children or adults, and refuse them the assistance which the law permits. The occasional instructions of a priest, visiting a workhouse perhaps once a week, make but faint impressions on the souls of poor little children. The impression is effaced as quickly as writing on the sand by the tide. But there are others, such as notably the Boards of Guardians for Manchester and Salford, which are perfectly considerate and fair in their treatment of their Catholic children. They provide them with Catholic school teachers, secure for them the regular services of a priest, and both the Guardians and their local officials do everything in their power, consistently with the law and the system, to give the Catholic children the advantage of Catholic education within the precincts of the workhouse.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that workhouse education even when carried on under comparatively advantageous circumstances is more frequently than otherwise fatal to the faith and religion of Catholic children. In the workhouse school the Catholic child is always in a minority, it is cut off from the traditions of a Catholic home, it breathes an atmosphere and spirit which are hostile to its faith (pp. 22, 24).

The struggle against this state of things began in Westminster at a time when the Catholics of England were subscribing to the "Wiseman Memorial Fund" for the metropolitan cathedral. In face, however, of the pressing need of this portion of his flock, the new Archbishop was reluctantly compelled to postpone the accomplishment of this project. He preferred, as he himself said, raising the spiritual before the material edifice: and nobly has he done his work—twenty years have gone by and the cathedral is still unbuilt, but after great exertion, on the part of the laity as well as of the clergy, provision has been made for all the workhouse children, who, to the number of 8,100, have passed into Catholic institutions built to receive them. The ordinary parochial schools of the diocese have also been multiplied and rendered most efficient, the number of children present at inspection this year being 20,400.

Where then, we ask again, is the loss?

Our general principle and past experience have led us to think that it will be found chiefly among *the children of*

the poor. Dr. Vaughan tells us that out of an inscribed Catholic population of 75,000 there are over 10,000 "needing different degrees of care," and 5,400 of these are put down as "in extreme danger of loss of faith or practically lost to the faith." *At this rate*, and assuming that the 1,353,575 given by the *Missiones Catholicæ* is the fairest estimate of our numbers, there would be in England and Wales at this moment 188,500 people under twenty-one years of age "needing different degrees of care," of whom 97,400 are "practically lost to the faith."

It is in the light of figures such as those given by Dr. Vaughan—obtained not from any fancy calculation, but by actual enrolment—that we would ask our readers to weigh Mr. Lucas' deficit of 1,000,000 in 40 years and say whether or not it is beyond the mark.

Waiving as outside our scope the obviously important enquiry as to how far other dioceses have kept pace with Westminster in making provision for the workhouse and other children, we come now to a most practical consideration. Have we any clue to the precise time at which a notable proportion of these children escape us? A well-known London priest in the year 1883 addressing a meeting of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, startled the brothers assembled by saying that in his opinion *nine-tenths of the boys* educated in our poor schools absent themselves from Mass and the Sacraments *when they leave school*. It will be worth while to see what this really means.

Figures have been given in the *Tablet*⁶ showing that the number of Catholic children in England and Wales on our books in 1881 was about 200,000. We have not been able to ascertain what proportion of these leave annually, but we imagine ten per cent. would be a fair allowance—this gives 20,000. The loss spoken of must be from this 20,000, and

⁶ Taken chiefly from I. C. Q.'s letter to the *Tablet* of February 2, 1884.

Total number of children on our school-rolls in all dioceses of England and Wales, excepting Newport		223,849
Add an average for Newport		8,151
Total number of children on rolls in England and Wales		232,000
In five dioceses, out of 96,782 children, 14,155 were Protestant. Supposing that in the other dioceses the proportion is the same, we have in round numbers—97,000 : 232,000 :: 14,000 : 33,484, but say		32,000
Total Catholic school children in England and Wales		200,000

as the estimate of nine-tenths has been thought excessive,⁷ especially when we are calculating for the whole of England, and when we remember that this 20,000 includes girls as well, we will suppose *one-half* only. In round numbers then our *annual loss* among those leaving school is 10,000. Our own impression is that this is *much below* the mark: but why waste time in trying to find out the exact proportion? Enough has been said to show the existence of leakage which even at the lowest estimate is sad indeed—at the highest, who will say that it is incredible when they consider the Protestant or infidel atmosphere in which these children live? It matters little whether they work as errand-boys or in shops or factories or offices. Whatever their employment, they will be surrounded by bad literature, and by bad companions, whose conversation, example, or ridicule, must almost certainly tell. When work is over some have no home, and a great many others return to a home or lodging which instead of being a refuge is only a fresh occasion of sin. The following remarks of the Bishop of Salford are of interest here. They were written, it is true, of the work-house children, but they may be applied with very little alteration to the majority of those in our elementary schools. The Bishop says:

When schooling is finished at the age of thirteen or fourteen, the little boys and girls are placed out in service or at work under the care of persons whom the officials deem qualified to receive them. These persons are enjoined to respect the religion of their little charges, and they promise to do so. But as a matter of fact the children soon fall under anti-Catholic influences. Either their fears or their interests are appealed to. Sometimes they are overcome by persuasion, sometimes by silent example. They are isolated, weak, and timid; and their Catholicity, never having been of a robust and vigorous type, yields to the strain. Nor is it surprising that under temptation they fall away. (p. 25).

Should we then be surprised if even 90 in every 100 go astray? The greater marvel, humanly speaking, is how any remain steadfast.

Such a state of things clearly demands a remedy, and we therefore look for something that will at least *diminish* the proportion of loss. We must make a further limitation here, as our remedy affects primarily boys alone. Our boys have had

⁷ Let those who think so look round their own parish church and reckon up the number of *working* boys who come to Mass regularly.

good training, but when they leave school they are children still, and the next few years will be the turning-point of their whole career. Therefore, if we can only tide them over this dangerous age, we shall almost certainly have gained their souls. "They must frequent the sacraments"—true; but before they can be got so far we must find some influence to counteract the effects of the atmosphere in which they live—we must give them some support on which to lean. "Union is strength," and so they must draw support from one another, and when we have welded them together it will be easy to bring our influence to bear.

Our remedy, then, is one which has only made its way to the front in this country within the last few years—we speak, of course, of a working boys' club, or, as it is termed by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, a Patronage.

This institution, as we learn from a leaflet published in 1883 by a London Brother of the same Society,

Has existed for more than one hundred years in France. . . . The Intern, or what we call in England the schoolroom Patronage (a schoolroom being the best we can generatly afford for it), assembles together during their hours of leisure, in a suitable place, boys who have made, or are about to make, their First Communion, and endeavours by kind means to get such boys to attend regularly, *and thus be always within easy reach of the priest or priests who attend to them.* . . . It was brought into notice in the great commercial city of Marseilles, before the first French Revolution, by the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, and was revived after the Revolution by the Abbé Allemand, and continued in the same city by the Abbé Timon David and others to the present day. It has for many years past been carried on in France and other countries by our Society, succeeding, better or worse, according to the zeal of the priests attending to the boys spiritually. In Germany it has existed under the name of *Gesellen Vereine*, or apprentices' societies, since 1813 when they were founded by Father Kolping. These patronages exist in 550 German towns, and a priest is specially attached to each one as its director.

A Patronage is easily set on foot, our schoolrooms are not much used at night, and there, until some better place is found, the lads may be assembled, enticed by an occasional treat, by games and books, and by a good fire in winter. If we get hold of them at about the time of their First Communion, very little pressure will be needed to induce them to attend regularly when work is over; and in a short time our influence will tell. They will affiliate themselves to some guild or confraternity, when frequentation of the Sacraments will follow naturally. Several

reasons which will readily occur to the mind seem to point to the conclusion that such a work as this would be more fruitful in results than any other we could undertake. Not only might the Patronage be the germ of other useful and much needed institutions, such as a Circulating Library, a Men's Club, and Savings' Bank; but we should all this time be training those who will be the fathers of the next generation. And if the system of godless education swamp our Christian schools, as it seems likely to do at no very distant date, then our Patronages will assume an importance which it is well nigh impossible to overrate.

We have said that a Patronage is easily set on foot, but we ought to qualify this remark, for there certainly are difficulties in the way. Not the least of these is that we cannot lay down general rules about it; for such as would be suitable in one locality and under one set of circumstances would be fatal in another. Thus we know of one Patronage where good conduct used to be an essential requisite for admission, whereas in another the better class of boys, those for instance who are in the choir, are absolutely excluded—for fear of their being contaminated by the rest! Then as to approaching the sacraments, some people advocate a fixed time, others would leave it an open question. It is moreover a moot point whether there should not be, at least in large towns, *two* Patronages—one for the school boys and one for the working boys—for, as Mr. Britten, who has himself started two or three clubs, points out, the working boys will not herd “with ‘the kids,’ as they contemptuously call the school boys.” It is, however, possible that with the working boys' Patronage to look forward to in the future, some means short of a separate institution would be sufficient to keep the school boys together, for example, occasional entertainments and small treats.⁸

In every case, therefore, the matter must be thoroughly studied and discussed, both in the light of local surroundings and of such past experience as may be available. This is

⁸ We must say one word in passing about the Men's Club which ought to grow out of the Patronage. We look upon it as the final link in our chain of communications: a boy should be passed on from the school to the Patronage, and from the Patronage to the Men's Club—we must never entirely lose sight of him. And this reminds us of the important duty of keeping an eye upon our charge when any of them migrate from place to place: this is the time to furnish them with letters of introduction to the priest of the town to which they are going—much in the same way as the Brothers of St. Vincent recommend their poor from one Conference to another. Without such introduction many, especially in large towns, go astray.

necessarily limited, but with trouble it may be obtained; and we may supplement it by consulting the literature bearing on the subject.⁹

To give some idea of the results already obtained in this country by these institutions, in the few places in which they have been tried, we quote the following from the *Report of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul for the year 1885*. Under the head of St. Chad's, Manchester, we read :

It was remarked in the Report for the year 1884 that the principal work of the Conference was the St. Chad's Boys' Evening Home, Lydia Street, Angel Meadow, and it has continued to be so in the past year. The Brothers are happy to report that the attendance of these working boys has been quite as numerous as before, if not more so, being now about 220. These belong for the most part to the poorest and roughest class in Manchester, but under the influence of this work they have improved perceptibly. They gather together in the evenings at the Home to amuse themselves in the various games provided for them, and are preserved from the dangers and temptations which abound outside it. Periodically there are competitions in singing, in gymnastic exercises, &c., for prizes, which are the private gifts of the Brothers. In the month of July about 200 of the boys were taken for a trip to Broadheath in a barge, by the canal, where a field was reserved for them. They were served twice with buns and milk, and spent a very enjoyable day. The expenses of this trip were defrayed by the generosity of one of the Brothers.

One of the houses attached to the Home is devoted to the occupation of the elder members of eighteen years of age and upwards. These to the number of about thirty, under the charge of one of the Brothers, have been very meritorious. They have been trained to sing well.

The boys and youths come in large numbers regularly to Mass, and at their principal General Communion at Easter fully 200 boys presented themselves.

From this instance of a flourishing Patronage it will be instructive to turn to one which has been less successful. A few years ago the Society of St. Vincent was invited to establish a Conference in a very poor district in one of our large cities. This was done at some personal inconvenience by six or eight Brothers who already belonged to other Conferences. Before long the priest, who always attended the Conference meetings,

⁹ For example, *A Boys' Club, Catholic Clubs, Address on Young Men's Clubs, The Church and the People, Catholic Popular Literature*, all by Mr. Britten, and each costing only one penny. To these may be added the *Reports of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul in England*.

pointed out the need of looking after the boys and this led immediately to the Patronage being founded there. Arrangements were made for the boys to meet every night in the schoolroom under the supervision of a good old pensioner, whose remuneration, at the rate of 7s. 6d. per week, was paid by the Patronage Committee of the Society. The Committee also helped by occasional grants, chiefly for treats and the yearly excursion. An outlay of £5 secured a fair number of books and toys, including a second-hand bagatelle-board; and some friends made a few scrap-books which were very popular. If we remember right, the first batch of boys was assembled at breakfast on the day of their first Communion, the scheme was explained to them and found favour at once. Applications soon came in from other boys anxious for admission; the rule was to keep these for some time on probation, but by degrees this fell through, and all who were not known to be bad were allowed to join. One regulation, which was introduced subsequently and was strictly observed, was that all the boys should belong to the Guild of the Holy Family, and thus in a comparatively short time there were from sixty to eighty regular monthly communicants. The average nightly attendance must have been between thirty and forty, the large majority of whom were *working* boys. All the meetings closed with prayer.

At the present time, after a lapse of four or five years, the meetings are held *only twice a week*; the average attendance is *very much smaller*, and of those who go *hardly any* are working boys.

How can such a change be accounted for? *First*, the Conference of St. Vincent has nearly died out; most of the original members, who, as we have said, all came from a distance, have for one cause or another been obliged to leave entirely, or to attend at very irregular intervals; the two or three local members have not sufficient leisure to give to the Patronage Work. *Secondly*, the priest who, when the Vincentian Brothers began to drop off, devoted himself most ardently to the boys, attending their meetings every night, broke down in health and was forbidden to continue his labour of love.

What lesson may we learn from this experience? It certainly does *not* teach us that Patronages are useless, nor even that this particular one has failed. Much good has been done, and some of the working boys who used to attend have been regular in coming since to their religious duties. On the con-

trary, we gain a most useful piece of information, viz., that the *essential element wanted* to ensure us against failure *is a succession of earnest workers* who will give to these poor waifs and strays their time, their personal sympathy, and some of that affection which they lavish on their own relations. Let the lads but feel that we are interested in them, and the battle is already half won. We must be regular too in our visits to the Patronage, for a priest who for two or three years was in constant attendance at a boys' club, once said, "If I were absent for *one night only* I used to notice a change the next." This, too, suggests the conviction that if during the long summer evenings the Patronage rooms are closed, provision of some kind must be made for regular meetings. In the country there would be no difficulty, for we might assemble on the cricket-ground; in towns perhaps the meetings, though reduced in number, might still be held regularly and rendered more attractive. Mr. Britten's experience is very telling here. He informs us that during the suspension of his present club the boys may have gone to Mass, but very few approached the sacraments.

Workers, then, are what we really want; money no doubt is sorely needed, and it is very difficult to get, but with the workers we feel persuaded it would come. In one of our leading churches this crying want of some one to help our overworked priests was made the subject of an appeal from the pulpit, and after the service not a few volunteers came forward. Might not this experiment be repeated?

We have arrived, then, at this conclusion, that our principal losses occur just *after* the lads leave school; that the remedy is a Patronage, which Patronage cannot be carried on without lay help. All this is confirmed by the Bishop of Salford. He says:

First, we want men and women ready to give personal service to the District Committees, to St. Vincent of Paul's Society, and to the Girls' Mutual Aid Society.

Secondly, we want money to carry out the various works embraced by the Catholic Protection and Rescue Society (p. 42).

Among these "works" his lordship had already mentioned—

Systematic co-operation on the part of confraternities and other parochial societies, such as St. Vincent of Paul's, in visiting the homes of children exposed to danger, getting them to Catholic schools; instructing and interesting them *after* they have left school by means of amusements, of cheap Catholic literature, and by friendly intercourse and sympathy (pp. 39, 40).

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This Patronage Work has a side so distinctly social that, even from a selfish point of view, it should commend itself in a peculiar way to the laity. We cannot express our meaning better than by quoting an old schoolfellow's description of his labours among the children in Paris after the reign of the Commune: "We are teaching them not to shoot us when the next revolution comes."

We need not look for great results at first, but let us realize that *nothing* will be done *without an effort*, and that in this effort *all must join*; and further, that no amount of money will avail if real personal sympathy—a sympathy showing itself not merely in word, but in *work*—be wanting. Some one recently asked where are the young men who year by year pour out from our large Colleges—from Stonyhurst, and Ushaw, and Oscott—to enter into the various professions? Will not some of these come to the rescue, and in so doing prove to an unbelieving age that they at least have a *practical* belief in God and in the truths which He teaches us through His Church? "Show us your *works*," said the infidels to Ozanam and his party in 1833. The reply to this challenge was the foundation of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul; then Père Bailly,¹⁰ addressing the first eight Brothers at their preliminary meeting, said:

If you intend the work to be really efficacious, if you are in earnest about serving the poor as well as yourselves, you must not let it be a mere doling out of alms, bringing each your pittance of money or food; you must make it a medium of moral assistance, you must give them the alms of good advice. . . . Most of you are studying to be lawyers, some to be doctors, &c. Go and help the poor, each in your special line; let your studies be of use to others as well as to yourselves. It is a good and easy way of commencing your apostolate as Christians in the world.

Eight years later, Frederick Lucas,¹¹ conscious of the loss that was even then going on among the children, attributed it to the softness and personal disregard of the poor prevalent among the well-to-do laity, and he asked, "How are we calling down the blessing of God on this country to convert it when we allow the wholesale perversion of our own children?" The remedy he proposed was the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, which was shortly afterwards established in England.

Let it be our business to band together, either in this Society

¹⁰ See *Life of Ozanam*, pp. 77—79.

¹¹ See *Life of Frederick Lucas*, vol. i. p. 161.

or some other, to rescue our children, and let one of the means chosen be a Patronage, or Boys' Club—call it what you will—in nearly every parish. No one need hang back; all who have a spare hour or two during the week can be useful; and, strange as it may seem to those who naturally shrink from it, the work brings with it its own reward—nay, there is about it a fascination which only those who have tried it can understand.

The good work of saving souls brings with it a very speedy recompense; and if there is a means of saving souls which seems to carry with it a more immediate blessing than any other, because it resembles more closely the work of Him who came to seek and to save that which is lost, it is the rescue of our poor children from the power of the devil and from the perversion and corruption to which they are exposed in all the large centres of England.

C. G.

*Hymn in Honour of the Blessed English
Martyrs.*

FLOWERS of the martyrs ! O, what joy
Transports our hearts to-day !
So long we waited ere our voice
Might sing this gladsome lay :
Flowers of the martyrs ! hail, all hail !

With fire and sword well tried and found
True heroes unto death,
Sealing with sufferings and with blood
Our country's ancient faith,
Flowers of the martyrs ! hail, all hail !

In dungeons dark 'mid tortures rude
Ye fought the noble fight,
Working such wondrous deeds of love
For Jesus and for Right :
Flowers of the martyrs ! hail, all hail !

Ye died for Christ and the blest faith ;
How glorious was the strife !
Yet death was but the fitting close
Of a brave martyr's life :
Flowers of the martyrs ! hail, all hail !

How blissful now the pains ye bore,
Your wounds how bright they shine !
How fresh the laurels Mary's hands
Around your brows entwine !
Flowers of the martyrs ! hail, all hail !

O blessed martyrs ! in your blood
Our country's faith shall flower,
And England shall again be owned
Our Lady's royal dower :
Flowers of the martyrs ! hail, all hail !

Flowers of the martyrs ! 'tis the cry
Of hearts o'erflowed with glee,
That to the world the Church proclaims
Your glorious victory :
Flowers of the martyrs ! hail, all hail !¹

O.S.F.C.

¹ *Salvete, flores martyrum* !—the salutation with which St. Philip Neri was accustomed to greet the future missionaries of England.

*The French Refugee Priests in England.*¹

ON a dark and stormy night, at the end of February, 1791, Monseigneur de la Marche, Bishop of St. Pol de Léon in Brittany, whose see had been suppressed and his palace confiscated by the Revolutionary Government, escaping from the soldiers who had been sent to arrest him for continuing to exercise his episcopal functions, embarked in an English smugglers' vessel at the little port of Roscoff, in order to take refuge in England. After being tossed about for four days and four nights, having no place to rest his head except the smuggled brandy casks, without sleep and almost without food during his passage, this second Cæsar landed on the coast of Cornwall, the precursor of thousands of proscribed French priests of whom he was to be the providential support during years of suffering and hardship in this land of their exile. It is around this zealous and charitable bishop that the history of the French refugee priests in England centres. The facts of that history have never before been all collected and given in a connected narrative to the world. This is surprising, for the subject is one in which English Catholics cannot help having a strong interest. Catholicism in England owes a large debt of gratitude to the French clergy. They were in a very marked manner the agents of the Providence of God in helping England far on the way to that state of Catholicism in which it now is. Those who are watching the progress of the conversion of England, and who look forward with lively hopes to its fulfilment in the future, may well look back also and view with interest and with thankfulness the part played by the exiled French clergy in this work, and bear witness to the credit due to them for it. It is to one of their own countrymen that we are indebted for the first publication that is anything like a

¹ *Le Clergé Français réfugié en Angleterre.* Deux volumes. Par F. X. Plasse. Paris : Victor Palmé, 1886.

complete detailed account of that work. His object in recording the cloud of witnesses to the true faith and in telling the story of their fortunes is to show their exemplary attitude in this country, to hold up for admiration the noble conduct of the English in their reception, and to estimate the influence of the French priests on the conversion of their benefactors to Catholicism. The Abbé Plasse has carefully investigated and faithfully collected the facts of the history of the clergy contained in the various manuscripts, books, papers and publications bearing on the subject, the chief sources of information being the documents in the English archives. But though he gives us the narrative of the adventures of the exiles and the lists of chapels opened by them, of schools begun and of hospitals founded, works which, as we shall see, clearly told on the religion of our land, still much of their apostolic labours is, we think, yet to be recorded. The chapels and public buildings which exist or did exist have their history to tell, and speak for themselves: but the labour, which here and there throughout the country, in the many places visited by the exiled priests, wrought temples of grace for individual souls, is as yet part of untold history. It is most probable that many families could tell a tale of conversion to the Church brought about among them by the zeal of some poor exiled priest, and the lives of some of those who figure in the list of "Rome's Recruits" might reveal the same influence. If there are English Catholics who know of such facts, would it not be a tribute of gratitude, small but well-deserved, to the French clergy to record them?

The expulsion of the clergy and religious seems to have been timed most providentially for England. They began to arrive on our shores in the year 1792, the year after the passing of the Relief Act of 1791. This Act had legalized the Catholic religion in England. . . .²

The spirit of toleration in religion was beginning to show itself. But the motives which were at work in this new departure of Protestant feeling were chiefly political. The war of American Independence, the danger from Ireland, and the threatening outlook in France, were all facts tending to suggest to enlightened statesmen the necessity of internal peace and reconciliation. Some of the members of the Government were without doubt prompted by compassion for the hard

² *History of Catholic Emancipation*, vol. i. p. 208. By W. J. Amherst.

lot of the oppressed Catholics to strive for a relaxation of the penal laws. But it can hardly be said that such sentiments were shared by the people in general. If their hatred of Catholicism showed itself less in action than before, it nevertheless still existed. There was still, as the Abbé Plasse says, a wall of separation between Catholics and Protestants. To break down this barrier, to bring Protestant Englishmen nearer to Catholicism, it was necessary that they should see it and know it for what it really was. And they did see it and look upon it in a light, in which they had not viewed it before, in its representatives, the exiled French clergy.

When Mgr. de la Marche arrived in England, he made his way to London and took up his abode in a house in Little Queen Street, Bloomsbury. This house was the property of Lady Silburne, a lady who was devoted to works of Christian charity and who from her generosity to the refugees became known as "the mother of the exiled priests." Here was to be the centre of the bishop's work of mercy; it was here that he received his countrymen in their flight from death. They soon began to cross the channel. Several other bishops were a few days afterwards driven into exile and their priests were forced to follow them. Emigrations of the clergy became frequent during the year 1791 and the beginning of 1792, but it was not till August and September of this year that the first emigration *en masse* took place. We must distinguish three separate occasions on which the exiles came into England in large bodies: the first in 1792 and 1793, the second in 1794 and 1795, the third in 1797. In August, 1792, a decree was passed in the French Legislative Assembly against all ecclesiastics who refused to take the Revolutionary oath, an oath which recognized the absolute control of the State over the Constitution of the clergy and which rejected religious vows. All ecclesiastics who did not take the oath, had to present themselves to the official of their district, and say where they wished to go into exile. Each received a passport and his route was fixed for him. If he had not departed within a fortnight he was shipped off to French Guiana. The sick and aged who could not leave the country, were forced to live together in a house under guard. The massacres of September followed this decree and then began the general flight. Barruel, who escaped from Paris to London before the massacre, tells

us that Mgr. de la Marche, on the day when he heard of the decree, was at Wardour Castle and was going to have the honour of being presented to the royal family who were at Lulworth. But he had no thought for anything but the sufferings of his brethren and he hurried off to London to receive them.

The fugitives landed in thousands: they were received at nearly all the ports on the south coast of England, while some landed at Bristol and others at Liverpool. Those in the south made for Canterbury, Winchelsea, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Winchester, Lenham, Farnham, Guildford, and Bath, while the majority took the road to London. They travelled in any and every kind of conveyance. When they were a numerous body, some walked till they were tired, and then rode while others took their turn at walking. Their miserable plight often moved the pity of people whom they met. An Englishman was travelling in the stage coach with thirteen of the refugee priests on the way to London. The coach drew up at Egham to allow time for dinner. The poor priests had not enough money for both a meal and lodging, and were about to dispense with the former, in order to be sure of a night's rest in London, when the English traveller offered to pay the bill for all. On reaching the metropolis, he also provided for them all at a hotel. Such charitable acts were not rare. The daily papers,³ which had commented in a kindly spirit on Mgr. de la Marche's arrival, spoke out in favour also of the new comers, showing the reason for their departure from France, the risks they had run on the way, and the destitute state in which they were on landing. We learn from the same source the tone of the public opinion on this emigration. In general, the higher classes express sympathy for the victims of fidelity to the most sacred duty; the lower classes their old hatred of Popery.

The letters which appeared in the *Public Register* indicate the various impressions made by the emigration. One correspondent, remarking on the huge number of carriages and carts, full of refugees, which were crossing all the London bridges, questions the prudence of a proposed general subscription for them. Prices would rise, distress amongst our poor would follow, and "France would laugh over the stupidity of John Bull." Another objects to the reception of the priests as being

³ The chief daily papers at this time were the *Public Advertiser*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and the *Times*.

dangerous guests, "because they are either the friends of despotism or friends of anarchy." The dress of the poor victims who had been forced to hide the marks of their priesthood under any rags which they could get, was naturally a subject for ridicule for the same class of low critics. The spectacle of a bishop, they said, with a straw hat and ill-suiting clothes, of a dean in a carrier's smock, of an abbé in a postillion's red jacket and top boots, of a curé with a grotesque dress reminding one of a "Merry Andrew," irritates an Englishman and puts him out of temper. Let these Papists be sent away as soon as possible, or, if they are to be kept, let them be shut up together in some fixed place, where they can do no mischief, for "a busy meddling priest is a devil." Opposition was not confined to words. The priests had been harshly treated by the boatmen and officers at the ports: in the streets they were always insulted, being hooted at, pushed about and struck. The more enlightened classes, however, took the part of the sufferers. They denounced the conduct of the people and they published very good answers to the objections of the newspaper correspondents. The teaching of French would become cheaper, the refugees would work and not be merely dependent on charity, they certainly would not be politically dangerous unless they favoured Jacobinism, which was not likely, since Jacobinism was their persecutor, they would not do much harm if they even tried to spread their religion, *as the danger in England lay not in adopting some new religious belief, but in being likely to reject all religious belief.* At the same time the defender of the refugees did not admit the necessity or the expediency of a public subscription.

They had nothing to fear, they would have toleration: they might work for their living, and their countrymen would help them. But this was not a satisfactory state of affairs for the poor priests. Their numbers daily increased, the new arrivals being in a state of complete destitution. At last the urgent necessity of a public subscription was evident: the refugees could not be supported on the alms of their fellow-countrymen and those of Catholics only: a strong appeal was addressed to Englishmen in the *Public Advertiser* by "Christianus," which completely destroyed the bad impression made by previous writings and set on foot a general movement in favour of relief. A few days afterwards, in September, 1792, a meeting was held at the Star and Garter Hotel, Pall Mall, of fifteen presided over by Sir George Thomas, in which it was agreed to

subscribe for all the refugees, both cleric and lay, and a larger meeting was arranged for, after a proposed consultation with the Archbishop of Rheims and the Bishop of Léon. The latter was the moving spirit of the whole work. He was by this time acting in concert with three well known Members of Parliament, John Wilmot, Philip Metcalf, and Edmund Burke, chiefly on behalf of the clergy. The great orator issued an appeal for subscriptions for them, which was inserted in all the papers. On the 20th of September the new committee for helping the clergy met, under the presidency of John Wilmot, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. On the 29th of September the Mayor, John Hopkins, presided over a new society assembled to provide help *for ecclesiastics*, while the first committee, which had held its meeting at the Star and Garter, met again in Bishopsgate Street, offering assistance to both clergy and laity. We notice that all three societies were formed in the interest of the clergy, while only one offered help to the laity. Meantime the movement spread, and we find four more societies formed outside London, at Lewes, Winchester, Bristol, and Canterbury respectively. The committee at Lewes was formed by Lord Sheffield, Mr. Jackson of Hastings, Mr. Scott of Brighton, Mr. Sergisson of Cuckfield, and Rev. Mr. Sneyd of Eastbourne. It arranged for the transport to London of refugees landing on the coast. The Winchester committee put itself in communication with the chief London society, and resolved to receive subscriptions for the same object as it did, the relief of the clergy only.

The greater number of refugee ecclesiastics as compared with the emigrant laity, their greater real or apparent distress, and their better understood motives for leaving their country made them the chief objects of charity. This fact becomes more and more noticeable as the narrative proceeds. All the different committees formed put themselves under the direction of the central committee, which met near the house of Mgr. de la Marche, and had among its prominent members the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Fitz-William, Lord Onslow, and Edmund Burke.⁴ At this period, towards the end of September, there were thought to be about 1,500 ecclesiastics in England and 1,000 in Jersey. Of these about one-third only needed help: but as the numbers were likely to increase, it was determined to ask the Government for some public buildings in which they

⁴ A complete list of names is given by the Abbé Plasse, vol i. p. 185.

might live. The result of the petition was that Winchester Castle was put by the Government at the disposal of the ecclesiastics. As time went on the committee for the support of the laity became afraid that undeserving persons were becoming objects of charity, and they advised all distributors of alms to communicate first with Mgr. de la Marche. Similar fears with regard to the laity were shown by the Government when war was declared at the beginning of 1793, and it issued an order that they were to reside in assigned districts at a fixed distance from the capital. The last-named committee acted in the same spirit as the Government. It grew more strict in requiring the addresses and circumstances of those who asked for help, and finally, when its means became insufficient for the demands made by the laity, it resolved to add its store to that of the central committee for the relief of the ecclesiastics, whose numbers were increasing and whose applications were incessant. The influence of the central committee daily increased so that at the end of the year 1793, when Parliament voted funds to help both the clergy and the laity, it had their administration confided to it. It then started a separate account for non-ecclesiastics and formed a French committee to distribute relief to them. Mgr. de la Marche was the natural intermediary of the two committees. His work of distribution became very complicated. Regulations were made excluding from alms all lay persons who had emigrated before 1791 with the exception of a few emigrants of 1790 whose conduct was satisfactory.

The average sum given to the lower classes of applicants was about a guinea and a half per month each ; while those who had held positions of rank in French society received from seven to ten guineas per month each. Each of the ecclesiastics, after giving a satisfactory account of himself at the office of Mgr. de la Marche, and having his name inscribed in the official register, received about this time usually £2 per month. The prelates received help without registration and directly from the Bishop of Léon. Extra help to the clergy in the way of clothes, &c., was provided *in kind* and not in money. Extraordinary assistance had to be supplied to the sick, who were many, for the mortality among the refugees was considerable owing to the great privations, anxieties, and sufferings which these poor people would naturally experience in being cast, without resources and helpless in almost every respect, on a strange land. Part of a hospital near Little Queen Street was hired for the sick priests,

but soon it could not provide for all needs, and arrangements were made with public dispensaries of medicine for medical attendance for the sick in their houses. Day by day, also, the number of new arrivals was increasing. We find from the *Public Advertiser*, for October 18, 1792, that there were then 3,372 refugees, ecclesiastics and laymen. We learn from another source⁵ the extent of the funds for distribution, and we are given an interesting list of contributors. At the end of November, 1792, we are told, the receipts were 440,000 francs, of which the University of Oxford had given 12,000, and the town of Bristol 12,000; the Dean and Chapter of Durham, and St. John's College, Cambridge, were also on the list. The generosity of the benefactors of the refugees was surprising, as Mgr. de la Marche said in a letter to his brethren, in which he exhorted them to let their prayers and good wishes for the English people be as sincere as the benefits they had received had been great. The gratitude of the French priests strengthened the conviction that they were most deserving of charity. We find an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, evidently written with the object of keeping up the general support of them. "The great crime of these unfortunate men is their innocence and weakness."

The state of public opinion was carefully watched by the committee, and continual efforts made to keep up the favourable disposition of the nation. This was especially necessary at the time of the execution of Louis the Sixteenth. But charity did not grow cold. New methods were suggested for eliciting subscriptions. Bishop Horsley preached on January 30, 1793, before the House of Lords a sermon for the benefit of the refugees. In it he said that

None at this season are more entitled to our offices of love than those with whom the difference is wide in doctrine, discipline, and external rites: those venerable exiles, the prelates and clergy of the fallen Church of France, endeared to us by the edifying example they exhibit of patient suffering for conscience' sake.⁶

The English Protestant bishops and clergy set a noble example of toleration and charity to their countrymen. After this sermon many of them came forward offering to preach for the same charitable object. A general sermon-day throughout the churches was then proposed and the committee submitted

⁵ *Mémoires du Chanoine Baston*.

⁶ Horsley's *Sermons*, vol. iii. Sermon 45, quoted by Abbé Plasse and Jervis, *The Gallican Church and the Revolution*, p. 224.

the matter to Pitt. The Government approved and the King himself addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking that arrangements should be made for charity sermons and a collection in every parish of the province. The Archbishop of York received a similar letter. The collections produced the sum of £41,000. This, added to the voluntary subscriptions in the hands of the committee at this time, made a sum total of £75,000. Apart from this sum, there were very many anonymous gifts. In fact, these gifts, the contributions from the hand of charity that works in secret, always exceeded during the whole time down to the return to France, the total of other subscriptions and collections—a remarkable instance of the genuine noble liberality of the English people. But the whole nation as represented by the Government now afforded generous aid. The Government had tested the state of public opinion in the scheme of the charity sermons. It now became an interested subscriber itself. A private request was made to it for the relief of the laity. A letter of Pitt's to the committee in December, 1793, announced that Government aid was granted to both the clergy and the laity. The letter numbers the needy clergy at 4,008, the laity at 375, and states the monthly expenditure for the former as £7,830, for the latter as £560. These sums the Government resolved to grant each month and it placed the distribution of them in the hands of the central committee. From this time therefore the committee was forced to concern itself with the laity as well as the clergy. The result was that it had to make further demands on the generosity of the Government. For in the next year the number of the laity gradually increased, with it the Government grant was also increased at the request of the committee, until the 1st of March, when it had become £1,000, nearly double the first grant. The Government determined not to exceed this sum for the laity: it still continued the original grant to the clergy. But in spite of its resolve, it again opened its hands in charity when the greater and more pressing need came. For in July of this year, 1794, began the second emigration in consequence of the success of the French revolutionary troops on the frontiers of the countries bordering on France. The number of the refugee clergy on the list of pensioners rose to 8,000 by the end of the year.

In 1795, [says the *Laity's Directory*,] after the invasion of Holland by the Republicans, the English Government having learned that a

considerable number of French ecclesiastics, including several prelates with other emigrants of the same nation, were equally exposed to the danger of perishing by the sword of their insatiate enemies, or by hunger, cold, and want of every kind, directed a number of armed vessels to hover round the coasts of the United Provinces, in order to save as many as possible of these unhappy sufferers. In fact, a very considerable number of them were, by this means, rescued from destruction and brought to England.

The number of applications to Mgr. de la Marche for relief grew larger and larger. In July, 1794, he set before the committee the state of affairs, showing that there were now 810 laymen needing help and asking that the Government be petitioned for an additional £500 per month. The sum was granted. The number of *émigrés* became progressively greater. The grant was proportionately increased until it reached £3,000 per month in February, 1795. But while pleading for the laity, Mgr. de la Marche found himself in the greatest straits to provide for his clergy. In the above report which he placed before the committee he mentioned that many of the new arrivals came to him in rags and utter want. The grant of £7,830 per month did not suffice: he was afraid that the Government might be even about to withdraw that: the war and all its attendant distress made this probable. But the indefatigable prelate persevered in his efforts to help his brethren. In November, 1794, he addressed a letter to the committee, and a copy of it was sent to Pitt. In it he says:

When a few months ago I made a request to Mr. Pitt in favour of the laity who had emigrated, I asked nothing for the bishops, but I remarked that the funds set aside for the clergy seemed to me sufficient to provide for the needs of some among them whose means were exhausted, and to whom I had given up to that time necessary help from the funds put into my hands for that object. Since that time the fund is exhausted and there has now arrived a great number of ecclesiastics from Brabant, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Spain. The number of those who ask for help has been increased in two months by over 400. You know, gentlemen, that last October the expenses exceeded the receipts by £700. As the number of these poor men increases every day, the excess in the expenses will become more considerable month by month. So far, I have had to provide for four bishops only: but now nine or ten find themselves forced to have recourse to Government help. I find myself therefore obliged to point out to you and to ask you to point out to the Government that the £7,830 which it grants for the clergy, cannot suffice. You will see

with myself that by adding to it a sum of £870 you will be able just barely to provide for the needs of the moment, but as each packet boat brings a new freight, I think your request should reach £300 more: that would make altogether £9000.

He then names the bishops who required help, and says that there are also three archbishops and five bishops in England who would soon be in the same needy state and that the arrival of several other prelates had been made known to him. The request was granted.

But the next year, 1795, was the year of great trial and extreme distress. The number of refugees was so increased and the price of food so high as to require an extended grant of the total sum for the two classes of pensioners and also a larger amount of relief for each individual. The good Bishop, Mgr. de la Marche, was in the utmost difficulty to provide for his dependents. For the Government had, moreover, failed to send the money grant two successive months.

Every one knows [he said] that a shilling a day, even if paid at the beginning of the month, can provide for the wretched émigrés but a poor subsistence; but it is much worse if they are two months without receiving anything. The ecclesiastics in Jersey will certainly die of hunger if the money be not forthcoming.

This was towards the end of 1795, when the list included 746 more ecclesiastics than at the time of the previous Government grant, and 524 more laymen. £1,500 more were necessary for the clergy, and a proportionate increase for the laity. The Government was obliged to refuse any further grant. The Bishop persisted in putting the hard facts before the committee, pointing out to it that, in default of funds, 223 laymen and 680 ecclesiastics would be without any means of support, that there would be no means of paying hospital expenses, and that consequently it would be necessary either to take the bread from the healthy and let them perish in the coming winter, or leave the sick to die. On January 22, 1796, came the Government answer that it could do no more: the committee must find some plan of reducing the numbers on the list of pensioners. Chateaubriand, in his *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, has painted a graphic picture of his own sufferings and those of his companions in exile in England, and in it we see what must have been the distress of many at this time. Both he and his friend, who had been a legal adviser to the Parliament of Brittany, had refused

the alms of the English Government. Their funds were reduced to sixty francs. They diminished their food daily until they were reduced to their last shilling. A little bread, some sugar and water, was their only support for five days. Burning with fever, Chateaubriand sucked pieces of linen dipped in water, ate grass and paper. In the sad winter's night he stayed two hours outside a shop, feasting his eyes only on its contents, ready to devour all in the pangs of his hunger. It was only when his friend attempted to kill himself in despair that they were both rescued. From a letter of the committee to the Treasury we learn that many were in a similar state of wretched poverty and that some died. Work was provided for some of the refugees in order to cut them off from relief, expenses were cut down, and the ecclesiastics in receipt of relief offered the committee, through Mgr. de la Marche, to accept less in order that their brethren might be helped.

The ecclesiastics in Winchester [says the Bishop] have imposed different privations on themselves for the same end, too happy, at the end of all their sacrifices, to make that of life itself, if it be necessary, out of fraternal charity. It is the lesson they have received from their Divine Master—*Exemplum dedi vobis, ut quemadmodum ego feci ita et vos faciatis.*

In consideration of the great distress, the committee accepted their offer: the bishops received two guineas less per month, the other ecclesiastics two guineas every thirty-eight days instead of every thirty-five, and a reduction was put upon the Winchester Establishment; at the same time the Government grant began to be remitted more regularly. The retrenchment of expenses and the revision of the lists elicited complaints from the laity which caused great difficulties for the indefatigable president of the committee, John Wilmot. But despite his vigilance and order in the distribution of relief, more money was absolutely necessary. In March 1796, he appealed to public and private charity, and succeeded in raising during the year a subscription of £4,000, a sum, however, which was soon spent. In the same month of the following year 1797, so great was the pressure of distress that he had to appeal to the Government for payment in advance of the grant. The time when the appeal was made, was a most critical one for England, in which she needed all her resources to prepare for resistance to the threatened invasion of the country by France. But the Government kept faithfully to its promise of support.

A slight relief from the strain on the committee was obtained during the first part of this year by the return of some of the *émigrés* to their own country, a movement which the changing affairs of France then made possible. But as the returned exiles were royalist in their sympathies, the return movement was stopped by the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor (Sept. 4, 1797) by which the royalist reaction was prevented; and a new batch of *émigrés* took refuge in England and led to further complications and difficulties in the committee's arrangements. The keeping of the accounts and the distribution of alms to so many scattered persons was always a work involving much labour and trouble to the committee, and it now became so difficult that the members wished to be free from the care of the laity, whose division into classes according to their age and position made the distributions a complicated matter, and the support of whom had again elicited malicious pamphlets. But the Government would not listen to this request and, rather than consent to it, it preferred to dissolve this committee and form a new one out of those who were still willing to continue the work of providing for both clergy and laity. John Wilmot was again made president, and the work was carried on on the same lines from 1798 to 1814. During these years the return to France took place and as the number of pensioners became less the support of those left in England became a lighter task.

Thus it was due to the indefatigable zeal of the committees under the presidency of John Wilmot, the unbounded confidence and energy of Mgr. de la Marche and the faithful support of the English Government that the terrible trials of these years were tided over. We may fitly conclude this article with an extract from a letter of Pope Pius the Sixth addressed to the Bishop of Léon, which gathers up the details here described, and reserve for another notice the life and work of the exiled clergy in England and the influence they exercised on the religion of our countrymen.

Amidst the cares and perplexities which surround Us and which you and your brethren share with Us, We have the comfort to reflect that most princes and civilized nations have thought it a duty to come forward to the relief and support of the valuable French exiles, whom the hatred of religion has stripped of their possessions and driven from their habitations to seek security in foreign nations. Among these sovereigns and these nations the illustrious King of Great Britain

and his subjects have made a conspicuous figure. In that kingdom an address⁸ was published calculated by brilliancy of expression and strength of argument to excite a general national benevolence. A design so glorious was crowned with success. The King was pleased to set the example, and it was soon followed by liberal contributions of his subjects of all descriptions. . . . Private donations were followed by a public contribution encouraged by a King whose humanity and munificence must be ever remembered with the sincerest gratitude. But to secure the end proposed by this private and public liberality it was necessary to deal out the supplies with discretion and in proportion to the real wants of its several objects. The suffrages of the public, long acquainted with your virtues and witnesses of your zealous exertions in favour of the French clergy, named you to this important trust. It now became your duty to transact business with the benevolent committee and to inquire into the respective situation of the exiles: and you have discharged your trust in such a manner that no one has had, or now has, the least reason to complain. It is Our duty to feel and to express Our gratitude towards a nation who, We trust, will never cease to protect and entertain you till the bishops and priests may be enabled to return to their dioceses and their churches. We are the more inclined to indulge this hope, because the publication above-mentioned assures Us that the regular and exemplary lives of the French ecclesiastics have greatly added to the public commiseration which had been exercised by their sufferings and that the humanity of the English nation is extended even to its enemies.⁹

⁸ Edmund Burke's Address, the first printed in behalf of the French clergy.

⁹ *Laity's Directory*, 1798.

A Trip to Scandinavia.

A MIDSUMMER RAMBLE.

I.

A TIME there was, and as yet fortunately it is not very long ago, when very few people thought of Norway and Sweden as a likely place for their summer holiday. At present Scandinavia is not over-run to the same extent that Rhineland and Switzerland are; perchance to many tourists the dismal alternative of a very long round by land and bits of sea, or a sea voyage of some forty-eight hours, will preserve Norway and Sweden from ever becoming the same sort of happy hunting-ground for Brown, Jones, and Robinson that many portions of Central and Southern Europe have long been. Still one cannot help realizing that what with the Wilson line of steamers from London and Hull, the fares of which are reasonable and the accommodation distinctly good, and the still cheaper line from Newcastle, Norway is no longer a land reserved for the happy owners of yachts and their personal friends. Anybody can now reach Bergen or Thronthjem with comfort and a minimum of expenditure who does not object to two days on the North Sea; and the North Cape itself can be reached from either of these starting-points with hardly any further exposure to either the perils of the deep or the danger of sea-sickness, for the route of the coasting-steamers, excursionist or ordinary, lies almost entirely within the protecting fringe of islands.

My companion and I started from Hull on the *Domino*, bound for Stavanger and Bergen on Tuesday, the 15th of June, and after the jolting of the express from King's Cross, very glad we were to find ourselves comfortably quartered in our little state-room next to the captain's. The boat was announced to sail at 6 p.m., and we certainly did get out of the dock and into the river soon after six, but a party had wired that they were coming from town by a later train; and for them we

accordingly waited for a good three-quarters of an hour, rather to the surprise of some of the passengers who had taken care to be up to time. The Humber mouth was reached about nine, and Stavanger, the first port touched at on the Norwegian coast, about 9 a.m. on the following Thursday morning, so that the passage of the North Sea may fairly be put down as occupying thirty-six hours. There was a tolerable breeze from the north-west which made the sea rather choppy, and this combined with a very perceptible ground-swell as we got some distance across the shallow North Sea, had a very unpleasant, though perhaps salutary, effect upon most of the passengers. Out of sixty-seven, our number in the saloon, but three appeared to do justice to the captain's hospitality on the Wednesday evening at dinner: indeed, it was darkly hinted at the time, and the sad truth afterwards confirmed "on the highest authority," that the second engineer himself, though presumably "he's hardly ever sick at sea," and two of the seamen had actually succumbed to the rolling of the *Domino*. If they could only have known all this at the time, no doubt the wounded feelings of those luckless ones whose stomachs had played them false would have been considerably soothed, for there could be no disgrace attached to a surrender under such trying circumstances. About eight o'clock on Thursday morning smooth water was reached, and soon all turned up on deck to enjoy the invigorating air and sunshine, and feast their eyes upon the first glories of the longed-for Norwegian coast. The harbour of Stavanger was entered after an hour's sail through the midst of rocks and islands, a veritable archipelago, lit up by the morning sun, and rendered additionally picturesque by the glimpses they afforded of the cheerful, thrifty life of the natives. Most of these innumerable islands and islets, which form a perfect network around the entire western coast of the Scandinavian peninsula, are for purposes of cultivation like the mainland hardly better than barren rocks. And yet the fine character of this sturdy northern race, their determination, their cheery love of labour, their thriftiness, forces itself all the more strongly on one's mind from the contrast which those virtues present to their rugged surroundings. Hardly is there a square yard of ground along the entire northern coast, from Arctic circle and the frozen North to Kristiansand, that is not made to yield something useful for life to the utmost of its scanty power. Everywhere one sees detached pieces of soil, some of

them only a few yards square, on the face of the bare rock carefully tilled and producing perhaps a few dozen potatoes, or some other hardly vegetable, which along with fish may serve for a good meal. What a light do these thrifty habits throw upon the history and character of the cheerful dwellers on this wild western shore, and can one help mentally comparing them with those who in a country far more favoured by nature are in perpetual want and misery? The influences of the climate and physical characteristics of a country upon its inhabitants are marvellous, but is it not true that in a higher sense the character of the people acts upon the country, well nigh can change the face of nature, and make the land what it is?

Stavanger, our first landing-place, with its double harbour, is a pleasant little commercial town of some twenty thousand inhabitants, and the Cathedral (*Dom Kirke*) is especially deserving of a visit. The pulpit (*Prædikestol*), the preaching-stool, is a remarkable piece of carving, dating it is said from the eleventh century, and the two vestries on either side of the choir contain very interesting family portrait groups, presumably of three or four of the chief families of the neighbourhood, substantial burghers in days gone by. That the *belles lettres* were not altogether neglected in the Latinskole hard by, may be gathered from the inscriptions to be found on the walls:

VIVE MEMOR LETHI QUISQUIS CÆLESTIA CURAS
SIC LETHI VICTOR GAUDIA LÆTA FERES.

—
XTO VICTORI SACRUM PARCARUM COLUS.

—
MORS SCEPTA LIGONIBUS ÆQUAT
HOMO FLOS CADUCUS, HOMO BULLA.

Stavanger is the best centre for a number of excellent excursions, indeed, the terrible Lysefjord, one of the most remarkable of Norwegian fjords, can hardly be approached by the tourist from any other place. Our captain, however, gave us but two hours on shore, and about mid-day we started on our way to Bergen. The route followed by the steamers lies almost entirely inside the islands, and the voyage is altogether a most picturesque and delightful one. Occasionally the boat goes within a few yards of the shore, and its course hardly at any time lies at a greater distance than half a mile from land, so that an ever-varying and romantic panorama was continually being presented to us. Those who had suffered

whilst crossing the North Sea had now forgotten all their troubles, and all was sunshine and pleasurable anticipation of the holiday we were to enjoy amidst some of the grandest scenery on God's earth. It was broad daylight, though nearly half-past eight, by the time we entered the harbour of Bergen, and very lovely the old town looked, sheltered at the back by mountains two thousand feet high, and with fjords and lakes, all tinged with the rich glow of a summer evening, stretching as far as the eye could reach in other directions. All seemed delighted with the first view of Bergen, the more so no doubt as we had the good luck to behold it bathed in glorious sunshine, having previously been warned by friends and guide-books alike that at Bergen it nearly always rained. The douane before leaving the boat was of a very mild description, and troublesome only on account of the delay in getting the custom-house officials on board. We had no dogs to declare (these animals are strictly forbidden to be imported into the country), and no ardent spirits either; though, as we found out later on, a bottle of cognac would have been a very useful addition to our modest amount of baggage. The fact is, that except in the largest towns there is hardly a hostelry to be found where spirits are obtainable, the hotel-keepers having no license; and yet exposed as all travellers in the interior still are to a considerable amount of "roughing it," a little brandy, by way of medicine, may at times be most serviceable or even necessary. Once on shore we were quickly with our bags in a little open carriage, and rattling along over the cobbles and narrow streets of Bergen at a pace which in England would certainly have been thought alarming. Men, women, and children appeared to be each moment within two inches of our wheels, or nearer, but our coachman continued his career unchecked towards the "Norge;" so it must be presumed that the inhabitants are quite accustomed to these wild scampers through their streets, and know exactly what can be done with impunity.

Baedeker remarks that the climate of Bergen is remarkably mild and humid, the mean temperature for the whole year being 45° Fahr. Our experience, therefore, must have been quite exceptional, for the heat during our two days' stay was simply tropical, and we were told that there had been no rain for a fortnight. It thus came about that whilst our friends in London and Brighton were shivering with cold and longing for fires, we

in latitude 60° 23' North were luxuriating in weather which would have been quite seasonable at Capri or Sorrento. So much for the fickleness of the clerk of the weather. Bergen was interesting to us as the first town in Norway we had had a chance of thoroughly exploring, but having visited two or three of the chief churches, rowed and bathed in the bay, taken a couple of long drives, and toiled up several heights to get fresh views of the town and environs, we came to the conclusion that we had done our duty, so on Saturday afternoon we walked to the quiet little railway station and booked to Vossevangen. Vosse is distant some sixty-six miles, and the inland terminus of this little line of railway which, opened now for three or four years past, has done so much to clear and ease the way for fishermen and tourists in the direction both of the Sognefjord and Hardanger. There is one very marked difference between travelling by rail in Norway and Sweden, and the same method of getting over country in our own land of business and bustle, or indeed in most other parts of Europe, and the difference is certainly one which adds fifty per cent. to the comfort and peace of mind of the traveller. In Scandinavia, as far as I have been able to observe, nobody is ever in a hurry; there is no fuss, no wild rushing about after luggage, neither are you confronted on all sides at a station, even when an express is departing on a three hundred miles' journey from one capital to another, by the anxious and agitated looks of passengers, and by the bustling self-importance of guards, ticket-collectors, inspectors, and porters. In some of the largest and most civilized countries in Europe, to effect one's departure successfully from a large terminus, especially if there is any question of luggage, involves the expenditure of an amount of nervous energy which leaves the ordinary mortal in a state of almost complete exhaustion for half an hour afterwards. Now one of the greatest charms of Norwegian and Swedish travel is that in the first place there are comparatively few lines of railway to travel by, and in the second, one's life is not needlessly shortened by trouble and anxiety when a railway carriage has to be entered. The intending passengers are not kept penned in like a flock of sheep in a waiting-room till within a few minutes of departure, for them all to make a frantic rush to secure places with their handbags at almost the last moment. On the contrary, they are uniformly treated as reasonable beings, and the railway officials, who are as obliging and polite as the rest of their

countrymen and countrywomen, do their best to help instead of hindering. The carriages themselves are uniformly very good, and most comfortably fitted, on long journeys always with lavatories, &c., the second class, as in Germany, being almost equal to first; the rate of speed, however, is not great, and for tourists this is distinctly an advantage, for it enables them to see the country through which they pass, and renders them less like goods of the parcel-post description. The line between Bergen and Vosse, is most beautiful: fresh lakes and mountains open out to view at almost every turn, and the iron-road takes a turn about every half-mile. Altogether a wonderful piece of engineering is this line to Vosse. On our arrival at the hotel we chanced to meet the gentleman whose chief speculation has been the construction of this short but wonderful railway, and he informed us that before many years were over the steam-horse connection between Bergen and the main-line, which joins Christiania and Throndhjem, would be complete. May the evil day be postponed as long as possible. Norway is as yet a charming country to travel in, and the people are simple, honest, courteous and kind to strangers and generally most pleasant to deal with. But their natural good manners and simplicity are for the most part in the inverse ratio to their acquaintance and connection with so-called civilization; and if the railway succeeds in reducing the time, trouble, and money necessary for travel to a minimum in Norway as it has done elsewhere, the chances of being swindled by extortionate inn-keepers and pestered by beggars and ciceroni, will be in the land of the Vikings what they now are in Switzerland. The railway carriage which took us to Vosse was built somewhat in the Pullman or saloon fashion, with standing room on the little platforms outside the cars, so that we were able to enjoy the endless succession of lake, mountain, and river to the full. We had not gone more than twenty miles before what looked very like a fishing Britisher appeared in the centre of a fine trout stream, and sure enough in passing we were able to recognize one of our fellow-passengers on the *Domino*, in fact one of the identical party for whom our captain had so patiently waited for an hour in the Humber.

As we neared Vosse, for the first time a snow-capped range broke upon our view, and the air got sensibly colder, so sudden indeed was the change of temperature that wraps and overcoats

appeared by general, though quite unpremeditated, consent in the space of about five minutes. At eight o'clock we found ourselves in that most charming and luxurious of Norwegian country hostelrys, Fleischer's Hotel. The lake was right in front of us, and beyond it a mountain-range still covered with deep snow; to the left lay the pretty little village, with its thirteenth century stone church, the pride of the neighbourhood, whilst behind the inn rose sheer up hills upon hills clothed to their very summits with pine. Our rooms secured, we descend to the dining-room, and having received the apologies of our host and his daughter, who was our hostess, for any deficiencies that may be found in the supper, as the *table d'hôte* is over, we find ourselves sitting down to a board literally groaning with good things, amongst which the most delicious salmon-trout plays a conspicuous part. Three English ladies opposite us hereupon signify their perfect willingness to submit without a grumble to all the hardships of Norwegian travel, and if Norway ended with Vossevangen and Fleischer's Hotel, the most delicate and fastidious would certainly not fare badly. After supper we took a stroll down the lane leading to the village, and on our return, to the great satisfaction of my companion, who is a Tory of the old type and worships the very ground that royalty has trodden, we were shown the room where his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales amused himself and chatted during his stay at Fleischer's last year. Our landlord, who was very chatty and pleasant, told us that several efforts had been made by friends of his to induce him to substitute the modern European waiter with black coat and white tie in place of his country girls in costume. What manner of man he could be, or what eye for the picturesque and charming he could have who could in cold blood give such barbarous advice, one can hardly imagine; fortunately Mr. Fleischer's common sense is not likely to allow him to make such a deplorable blunder, but still he courteously expressed himself, confirmed in his own views as to how things ought to be carried on by our praise of all we saw. Vossevangen is now quite the natural centre for tours to Hardanger, as well as for those in the direction of the Sognefjord and the Nærodal; the place itself is charming, and the accommodation excellent. It is thus naturally pointed out as a spot most likely to attract and most deserving of a visit, and to ladies and others who do not feel up to much labour, or have not much time to spare and yet wish to see

something of the unsurpassed grandeur and beauty of Norwegian scenery, no better advice could be given than—"Make Vosse your head-quarters, and thence explore Hardanger in one direction and the wonders of the N  rodal in the other." Our own time was very brief, and we were particularly anxious to make the most of it by going right through the country to Christiania by the Valdres route, which had been particularly recommended; so bidding adieu to our genial host and hostess on Monday, the 21st, we started in a comfortable little Victoria on our thirty-mile drive to Gudvangen. The road is uniformly beautiful and the stations good, but in all Norway it would be hard to find a finer view than is obtained from the hotel at the Stalheimsklev, 1120 feet above sea-level, lying about half-way between Vosse and our destination. From this spot, which commands the profound and sombre N  rodal, with the rocky summit of the Jordalsnut on the left, the Kaldafjeld and the Aaxlen on the right, and the famous Kilefos in the distance near Gudvangen, a winding road leads to the valley beneath by a series of curves not unlike those to be found in the Alps. The Prince, as we were told, lunched here last year, and, experienced traveller as his Royal Highness is, the view from the Stalheimsklev is one which will no doubt have for ever impressed itself upon his mind, as it does upon that of every tourist. As we had already refreshed ourselves and horses at Vinje we rested but a short time, and then started our walk down the hill, followed by the carriage. Two magnificent falls, on the left of the Sevfefos, and immediately beneath the Stalheimsfos, strike ear and eye as we continue to descend, and serve as fitting introductions to the land of waterfalls, any one of which would be sufficient to make the fortunes of guides and hotel-keepers in England or Scotland. Having at length reached the level and gazed our fill at the Sevfefos and listened to the music of its thunder, our road now lies along the right side of the valley until Gudvangen and the extremity of the Sognefjord is reached, a drive of about thirteen miles, and one indeed, not for beauty of scenery, but for awful grandeur, not to be surpassed.

"The Valley of the Shadow of Death" naturally occurs to one's mind as a not inappropriate name for this long narrow defile, in some places not many hundred yards broad, through which the N  ro rushes and roars, whilst from rocks which on either side tower up to heights of three, four, or even five

thousand feet, are precipitated waterfalls too numerous to count, the unbroken descent of water being often as much as 1000 feet. Our small carriage was once in some danger of being upset as we crossed the bed of a small side-torrent, but our attention was speedily diverted, for behind us suddenly appeared a carriage, with a beautiful young mother and her infant child, followed by the husband. Both vehicles, however, got safely through with two or three awkward lurches, and another hour saw us all at Gudvangen. He who is absolutely tired of the vanities of life, and wishes to nurse his melancholy sublime in the spot upon earth most in keeping by its position and surroundings with his morbid passion, can hardly do better than settle straight away at Gudvangen. We saw the place at mid-summer, when there is no night, no darkness at least, at all, and the sun itself at midday penetrates into this sombre region, but for ten out of the twelve months not a ray of sunshine even pierces these awful shades. The landlord, though apparently he had come to the extreme end of his tether in the matter of provisions, and had little but pickles to present for our consumption, received us with smiling face, but for my own part I felt as if a laugh or smile would be out of place where one could think of little but the mountains and hills covering us, and the Laureate's "Silent Isle."

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touch'd at before,
Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore,
And the brooks glitter'd on in the light without sound, and the long waterfalls
Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls,
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by storm flourish'd up beyond sight,
And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height,
And high in the heaven above it there flicker'd a songless lark,
And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't roar, and the dog couldn't bark.

I believe my features only really relaxed when I beheld the silent dismay of my hungry "Achates" at the sight of the dining-table—a long array of pickle bottles more or less full, and the never-ending five kinds of cheese. What the good Norwegians really live upon, not in comparative centres of civilization such as Gudvangen, which is, after all, only a day's journey from a railway-station, but in the out-of-the-way villages and hamlets, has hardly, I think, been satisfactorily ascertained, at any rate not to the satisfaction of their visitors' stomachs. One thing is certain, that cheese plays a very important part in their dietary arrangements. As I have intimated, five, or at

least four kinds appear on all ordinary occasions, but of these there is one which is never absent, a regular *sine quâ non* for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and this is held to be Norwegian cheese *par excellence*; but as in its effect upon your senses it resembles nothing so closely as the ordinary brown Windsor soap of these islands, visitors are often seen to pass it by in silent contempt. One would have thought that Gudvangen would have hardly been the spot where a man of independent means would deliberately have taken up his abode for three months of the year, and yet we were solemnly assured that an Englishman whom we met strolling along with his pipe in his mouth, the picture of self-satisfied contentment, had really done this for eighteen years, and all for the sake of catching a few salmon! I firmly believe that the infernal regions themselves would have no terrors for this gentleman and for many more of his fellow-countrymen, provided only the Styx were well stocked with salmon or trout. Poets seeking inspiration for a second *Inferno* might perhaps linger here with advantage for two or three days, as well as fishermen. For our own parts we were rejoiced, after being called at some unearthly hour, to take our departure at four the next morning. Our immediate destination was now Laerdalsören, at the most inland extremity of the Sognefjord; so as the boat we made our escape on was bound for Vadheim, we could only proceed in it as far as Sognedal, where we asked at once for carriages to take us on to Solvorn. After an hour's delay, employed chiefly in capturing our steeds, one carriage and one stoljærre were pronounced ready, and my companion's magnificent proportions being declared better adapted to the stoljærre, I proceeded solemnly to mount a carriage for the first time. This is a kind of sledge upon two wheels; the seat, as a rule, fits closely into the body; the baggage, if any there be, serves as a rest for the legs, over which an apron is tightly drawn, and the traveller either drives himself, or a small boy mounted on a footboard behind performs this office over his master's shoulder. The springs are good, and well they need be, considering the pace kept up along the level and down hill, and the whole machine is so very light and springy that one swings up and down in a way that at first is decidedly alarming, then rather amusing, and ends by being monotonous. Half of our journey upon one of the worst and most dangerous roads we encountered had been safely accomplished; my charioteer behind (he was a very small lad, almost

a child), emboldened no doubt by having got me so far without a breakdown, gave an extra flick to the pony's side, when suddenly a horrible crash, and I found myself and carriage on the ground, and the poor brute in front hopelessly entangled with the rope-harness and shafts, making desperate and futile efforts to regain his legs. However, things looked and sounded much worse than they were; nobody was damaged, the carriage wasn't broken, and the horse was not even scratched. My poor "tiger" was dreadfully frightened, half crying with fright, but the upshot of the whole business was that after a quarter of an hour's pulling and splicing, we were once more *en route*, and reached Solvorn in about an hour without any further mishap, though the road got worse and worse. We were here confronted with a very unpleasant, but, I am happy to say, quite unique experience in our Norwegian trip. The landlord of the wretched inn to which we were conducted was apparently grievously sick of some contagious fever; the inhabitants, especially the children, whom we saw, all looked starved and miserable, and no wonder, for all efforts, linguistic and pantomimic, some of these last of the most graphic description, failed utterly to secure anything for us, after an hour's delay, but sad mouldy bread and bad cheese. The chief inhabitant of the place appeared to be a sort of Lady Bountiful and Portia combined, referred to by Baedeker as the "Sorenskriver," at least the house which was pointed out to us as the lady's, is in the guide-book said to belong to the district judge. The schoolmaster of the village, or precentor, as he called himself, spoke a little English, and he seemed very concerned at the reception we had experienced, but he did little or nothing to relieve us, and we had strong suspicions at the time, which were afterwards confirmed, that his only anxiety was to get rid of us, without our appealing to any of the rural authorities, especially the lady referred to above, for redress. My companion and myself both arrived quite independently at the conclusion that fever, and even some form of skin disease akin to leprosy, was in the place, and that taking it altogether, Solvorn on the Sognefjord is a delightful spot to depart from, as God-forsaken a hamlet as we had ever beheld. The joy with which, towards six in the evening, we saw the smoke of the little steamer which was to convey us to Lördalsören, I shall not soon forget.

(To be continued.)

Esoteric Buddhism.

THE first book of Homilies, published in the reign of Edward the Sixth, gravely tells us that idolatry had reigned supreme all over the world for more than eight hundred years, owing to the abominations taught and practised by "the Babylonical Beast of Rome." How that can be reconciled with the thesis lately put forward, that a Church of England in communion with Rome never existed, and how, without another Divine Revelation, Christianity could reappear *ex nihilo sui*, are things "that no man can understand;" but certain it is, that idolatry, worse than ever was attributed to the Catholic Church by her bitterest enemies, is practised now in this our beloved England, once "the Mother of Saints." For, in fact, what is idolatry but that giving of supreme honour to creatures, real or supposed, which in a more or less indefinite shape is put forth now as the religion of the future? If we give such supreme honour to Nature, or to the Cosmos, or to Humanity, or to anything else that is not Almighty God, we make an idol of the same, to all intents and purposes, whether with or without external signs; and everyone knows that some such idol is the only God of our "advanced thinkers."

But a still worse and a more dangerous kind of atheistic idolatry, that deifies the creature in order to dethrone the Creator, has latterly been introduced into England by Mr. Sinnett, President of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, in a work entitled *Esoteric Buddhism*, of which five editions have already appeared, and which is epitomized by Mrs. Sinnett in a smaller work, *The Purpose of Theosophy*. Worse it is, and more dangerous: for it claims to be a revelation of hidden truth, raises atheism to the rank of a theological system, offers a quasi infinite amount of possible knowledge, appeals to that instinctive longing for a future which agnosticism leaves unsatisfied, pro-

vides geology with an indefinite number of million years for its use, and as Mrs. Sinnett says :¹

May and does include among its followers, representatives of almost every form of religious belief in the world, as well as many who have no belief at all.

This remarkable inclusiveness is suggestive of a common cause, a common bond, and a common foe. The conclusion is obvious, and we had better not forget what these three principles of union are. Any instructed Catholic, reading the two books by the light of History, must see that the common cause is anti-Christianism, the common bond rebellion against Almighty God, the common foe Christianity, and, *par excellence*, the Catholic Church. Nor is it less evident that, besides the advanced thinkers and the advancing thinkers, and the thinkers of advanced thinkers' thoughts, there is an indefinite multitude of educated people who, being bewildered in the breaking-up of dogmatic Protestantism, and having in a manner tried everything except the truth, from which they have been effectually warned off, would be open to the influence of a new doctrine, as such, and strongly tempted by this, which is advertised as the "Old Wisdom Religion," underlying "all the religions of the world."²

It abounds, of course, in contradictions, because error always does so, and must ; but the plausible plea that an untrained mind is not up to such transcendental thinking, would be accepted by the willing as a triumphant reply to the uninitiated objector.

Mr. Sinnett says :

The information contained in the following pages is no collection of inferences drawn from study. I am bringing to my readers knowledge which I have obtained by favour rather than by effort. . . .³ I have been privileged at last to receive a very considerable mass of instruction in the hitherto secret knowledge over which the oriental philosophers have brooded silently till now ; instruction which has hitherto been only imparted to sympathetic students, prepared themselves to migrate into the camp of secrecy . . . The very considerable block of hitherto secret teaching this volume contains, has been conveyed to me, not only without conditions of the usual kind, but to the express end that I might convey it in my turn to the world at large.⁴

¹ P. 83.

² "Theosophy does not teach Buddhism pure and simple, but the study of it shows very clearly that the Old Wisdom Religion, as taught by initiates from time immemorial, underlies all the religions of the world" (*Purpose of Theosophy*, p. 45). There is truth in this, as regards false religions, though not as the author meant, for all the initiates teach what "the fool said in his heart," and of such "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

³ *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 1. ⁴ *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 2.

And again at p. 8 he says :

It is under favour of direct instruction from me of their number that I am now enabled to attempt an outline of the Mahatma's teaching,⁵ and it is in the same way that I have picked up what I know concerning the organization to which most of them, and the greatest, in the present day belong.

And Mrs. Sinnett says that :

In the formation of the Theosophical Society, the founders were acting under the direct wishes of the Mahatmas.

In these open and clear statements we see, Firstly:—that the esoteric or inner doctrine of Buddhism has been offered to us by its acknowledged guardians ; and, Secondly:—that Mr. Sinnett is the accredited medium of the communication. We cannot, by the use of right reason doubt this, for we have no right on any grounds to question his word, nor could any one falsely assume such an office as his without the certainty of a crushing contradiction from some learned Indian. We have to see, then, what the doctrine really is that now is put forth as nothing less than a new gospel, the gospel of the future, the gospel for which England is supposed to be ripe or ripening, the gospel whose message is to satisfy advanced thinkers and elevate humanity.

We shall find the answer to this in the pages of the books referred to, of which the one officially expounds the esoteric doctrine, so far as the adepts are willing to show it, while the other reproduces the same in a more condensed and more popular shape.

It teaches people [says Mrs. Sinnett] to search for the fundamental truth, that is the basis equally of every creed, philosophy, and science . . . The searcher for truth will find that Theosophy holds within its grasp an inexhaustible source of knowledge in every groove of thought, whether on the spiritual or physical plane. There is no science, no art, no intellectual pursuit, in whatever direction it may incline, that Theosophy, as now understood, does not embrace and pervade.⁶

And Mr. Sinnett says :

It is not too much to say that it constitutes the only religious system that blends itself easily with the physical truths discovered by modern research in those branches of science [geology and astronomy].⁷

⁵ "The custodians of this knowledge are variously called Mahatmas, Rishis, arhats, adepts," &c. (*Purpose of Theosophy*, p. 70).

⁶ *The Purpose of Theosophy*, pp. 3, 5.

⁷ *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 221.

Theosophy, then, or the inner teaching in which all the Indian religions agree,⁸ is a scientific as well as a religious system, and the religion is based on occult knowledge of nature. What the "fundamental truth" is, we can only infer from what the system teaches about God, because there cannot be anything more fundamental in any religion. Now what does it teach?

In the first place it denies the existence of a personal God.

Mr. Lillie [says Mr. Sinnett, at p. 207] is mistaken . . . in deducing from its temple ritual the notion of a personal God. No such conception enters into the great esoteric doctrine of Nature, of which this volume has furnished an imperfect sketch.

And Mrs. Sinnett says at pp. 41, 42 :

Eastern philosophy has one great foundation of belief that runs through all the various forms of thought, whether orthodox Brahminical, Buddhist, or Vedantist, and this resembles broadly what Mr. Draper gives as that of the Stoics, or followers of Zeno, "That, though there is a Supreme Power, there is no Supreme Being. There is an invisible principle, but not a personal God. . . . There is no such thing as Providence. . . ."

And Mr. Sinnett says at p. 204 :

The seventh principle, undefinable, incomprehensible for us at our present stage of enlightenment, is of course the only God recognized by esoteric knowledge, and no personification of this can be otherwise than symbolical.

This Seventh Principle [he tells us at p. 34] is the True Unknowable . . . the supreme controlling cause of all things, which is the same for one man as for every man.

And at p. 24 he calls it

One of the elements into which a complete or perfect man, but not of the mankind with which we are as yet familiar, would be resolvable.

And Mrs. Sinnett says that

The vital force which pervades the world is what the illiterate call God.⁹

There is no personal God, then, according to the Wisdom-Religion, which we are invited to accept instead of Christianity; for though we are told that¹⁰

⁸ "But the broad basis of esoteric identity is recognized by their respective cultured and mystical adherents and priests, and they one and all acknowledge the hidden occult meaning which underlies each of these writings . . ." (*Purpose of Theosophy*, p. 40).

⁹ *Purpose of Theosophy*, p. 42.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 45.

It recognizes in the Universal Spirit all the higher attributes which Christianity assigns to its Deity,

the said "Universal Spirit" may, so far as we can learn from its English exposition, be the *Anima Mundi* or anything else except an intelligible First Cause, for which we may search in vain. Mr. Sinnett does indeed say, p. 202, that

Perhaps we have now plunged deeply enough into the fathomless mystery of the great First Cause.

But after the plunge we are no wiser, having only found, as the preceding sentence explains, an "androgynous," or man-woman "one and only element."

Of course Creation is denied; for "an endless cyclic progression,"¹¹ of which a serpent with his tail attracted to his mouth¹² is the symbol, puts that out of court, as well as the androgynous First Cause, whose reason of being is as unapparent as his place in an endless cyclic progression, or his possible place out of it. But Mr. Sinnett states it plainly.

Talk of Creation [he says at p. 201], and we are continually butting against the facts,

though what those facts are we are not told.

Secondly and consequently, its nearest approach to religious worship is a mysterious reverence for deified Humanity, or for the Cosmos, or for the Unconscious Infinite Ultimate Reality,¹³ or for the above-named Universal Spirit, whatever that may happen to be. Which of these is what I must call, for want of a better term, the Pro-God, I have not been able to discover, for each appears in that character, as the following passages will show:

Carrying on imagination [says Mr. Sinnett] through immeasurable vistas of the future, we must next conceive ourselves approaching the period which would correspond to the inter-cyclic period of the seventh round of Humanity, in which men have become as gods.¹⁴

Yet Mrs. Sinnett speaks of the

Deep reverence with which the teachers and pupils of the esoteric doctrine approach the subject of the Great Law—the Unconscious, Infinite Ultimate Reality, or whatever name is used to express the idea . . .¹⁵

But then, at p. 35, when speaking of the seventh principle, Mr. Sinnett says:

¹¹ P. 239.

¹² P. 201.

¹³ *Purpose of Theosophy*, p. 47.

¹⁴ *Esoteric Buddhism*, pp. 187, 188.

¹⁵ *Purpose of Theosophy*, p. 47.

No man has got a seventh principle; we are all in the same unfathomable way overshadowed by the seventh principle of the Cosmos.

While at pp. 200, 201, the Cosmos itself seems to be overshadowed

By that which [he says] may be regarded indifferently as space, duration, matter, or motion, [which] *is* the one eternal imperishable thing in the universe [and *is*] these four things at once and always [they constituting] one and the same eternal substance of the universe (p. 208).

Whether the Universal Spirit is motion that animates matter,¹⁶ or the androgynous one and only principle or element,¹⁷ or the Universal Spiritual principle, the Unconscious ever active Life-giver,¹⁸ does not clearly appear; but all these would seem to answer the purpose. The motion that animates matter is its "Para-brahm or spirit,"¹⁹ The androgynous element is represented as an evolutionary substitute for a Creator.²⁰ The Universal Spiritual principle needs no apology for appearing as the Universal Spirit, though one fails to see how any one can recognize in an unconscious something the attributes of God. But inasmuch as we are told that our future depends exclusively on the Karma or affinities that we have contracted, or, in other words, by the results of our own dispositions, to which we are nailed by a hard and fast law without a law-giver, irrespective of repentance and amendment, the question does not concern us practically.

Thirdly:—it requires us to believe that human beings, who, with the exception of those annihilated as utterly unspiritual

at the final sorting out of humanity at the middle of the great fifth round, [will] become as gods²¹

have been evolved from pebbles,²² and primarily from something lower; for, according to Esoteric Buddhism,

A pebble contains all the potential elements of the perfected man²³
... and there are three kingdoms below the mineral.²⁴

Fourthly:—Its morality is "pitilessly inflexible," yet it teaches that vice and virtue do not determine ultimate progress in evolution.²⁵

¹⁶ *Ibid.* p. 208. ¹⁷ *Ibid.* p. 202. ¹⁸ *Ibid.* p. 201. ¹⁹ *Ibid.* p. 208.

²⁰ "Once realize that our planet and ourselves are no more creation than an iceberg..." (*Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 201). . . . "The treatment of that [one and only] element as androgynous" (*Ibid.* p. 202).

²¹ *Ibid.* pp. 157—159. ²² *Purpose of Theosophy*, p. 52. ²³ *Ibid.*

²⁴ *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 57. ²⁵ *Ibid.* p. 154.

The truth of the matter [says Mr. Sinnett at p. 153] is (if it is not too imprudent at this stage of our progress to brush the surface of a new mystery) that the question, to *be* or not to *be*, is not settled by reference to the question whether a man be wicked or virtuous *at all*.

The italics are his. And Mrs. Sinnett says, p. 98, that

A life of unsystematic innocence, no matter how free from actual sin, nor how devotional in spirit, would have comparatively little effect on the evolutionary progress of the entity.

And again at p. 101 :

Obedience to a moral code, the regular performance of all daily duties, an attitude of uncritical devotion to religious forms and customs are . . . no doubt, as examples to the debased and uneducated classes, productive of good ; but in themselves they will not urge forward the entity . . . nor guide it into the channels leading to quicker methods of advancement in the next incarnation.

Fifthly :—It condemns to painless extinction of individuality at the Great Crisis those who are only good, and not wise in the esoteric sense of the word.²⁶ So that final perseverance without Buddhist enlightenment will lead us to painless extinction. And Mr. Sinnett says, at p. 153, that

the choice between good and evil . . . is not a mere choice between ideas so plainly contrasted as wickedness and virtue. It is not so rough a question as that—whether a man be wicked or virtuous—which must really at the final critical turning point decide whether he shall continue to live and develop into higher phases of existence, or cease to live altogether . . . [p. 155] at the final sorting out of humanity [which takes place] at the middle of the great fifth round, [and which results in] the annihilation of the utterly unspiritual Egos.

So that ultimate progress is determined by Buddhist spirituality,

irrespective of its moral colouring, [and this] spirituality is not devout aspiration ; it is the highest kind of intellection (p. 155).

It may here be remarked that we must understand the term "spiritual" in a Pickwickian sense ; for as Mr. Sinnett says in a previous work,²⁷

The soul is material . . .

²⁶ . . . "and goodness alone, associated, as we often find it, with the most grotesque religious beliefs, cannot conduct a man to more than Devachanic periods of unintelligent rapture, and in the end, if such conditions are reproduced through many existences, to some painless extinction of individuality at the Great Crisis" (*Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 194).

²⁷ *The Occult World*, p. 14.

And again in the same page he says :

The important point which occultism brings out is, that the soul of man, while something enormously subtler and more etherial and more lasting than the body, is itself a *material* reality.

The italics are his.

But the danger of being annihilated as an incorrigible failure is comfortably remote ; for we are told that

Certainly, for millions and millions of centuries to come, it [mankind] will not be confronted with any judge at all, other than that all-pervading judge, that Seventh Principle or Universal Spirit, which exists everywhere. . . .²⁸

This principle is, as we have seen, the only God recognized by esoteric knowledge, and is one of those principles into which a complete and perfect man would be resolvable.

But how about the immortality of the perfected men who have "become as gods?" The following extracts will enable the reader to judge :

Most assuredly that [Buddhist philosophy] no more finds in the universe than in the belief of any truly enlightened thinker . . . the unchangeable Heaven and Hell of monkish legend. . . .²⁹

This is a very old story. Tertullian, for instance, tells us of demons who pretend to be one or another dead person in order to deny the dogma of eternal punishment. At p. 228 Mr. Sinnett speaks of

The ever-progressive conditions of spiritual exaltation . . . come before that unutterably remote mergence into the non-individualized condition. That condition certainly must be somewhere in futurity . . . As with the idea of Nirvana [Heaven] so with this about the delusion of individuality.

And, at p. 233, we read :

The craving for the continuity of personal existence . . . is manifestly no more than a passing weakness of the flesh.

Surely [he says at p. 206] it is end enough to satisfy any reasonable mind that such sublimely perfected beings as the planetary spirits themselves can come thus into existence, and live a conscious life of supreme knowledge and felicity, through vistas of time which are equivalent to all we can imagine of eternity.

How vistas of the limited can equal the unlimited let those explain who can.

²⁸ *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 204.

²⁹ *Ibid.* p. 227.

Into this unutterable greatness every living thing has the opportunity of passing ultimately. The spirit which is in every animated form, and which has even worked up into these, from forms we are generally in the habit of calling inanimate, will slowly but certainly progress onwards until the working of its untiring influence in matter has evolved a human soul. . . . Eventually every spiritual monad, itself a sinless unconscious principle, will work through conscious forms on lower levels, until these, throwing off one after another higher and higher forms, will produce that in which the God-like consciousness may be fully evoked . . . not by reason of the grandeur of human conceptions . . . that such a consummation can appear an insufficient purpose, not even if, the final destiny of the planetary spirit himself, after periods to which his development from the mineral forms of primeval worlds is but a childhood in the recollection of the man, is to merge his glorified individuality into that sum total of all consciousness, which esoteric metaphysics treat as absolute consciousness, which is non-consciousness [!]

To enter into the details of the system would be impossible, for want of space ; nor would it be within our purpose, which is simply to show what sort of message this new gospel gives. We have seen that it may be summed up in the devil's words to Eve, *YOU SHALL BE AS GODS* ; but we have not seen what its occult science really is. It is neither more nor less than what was formerly known in England as the Black Art, and everywhere else under various names—magic, witchcraft, necromancy, &c.—and in our days as spiritism. The difference is that the adepts of esoteric Buddhism have a deeper knowledge of their art. Mrs. Sinnett, speaking of the inferior practitioners in that line, says that

Magic, as a source of power, has been turned from its intended use, and instead of being recognized as a necessary attribute of real religion, the knowledge of which must be wielded for the benefit of society, has been discredited as a branch of study both from the pulpit and by the State . . .³⁰

Again, at p. 18, she says that

Magic was and still is a Divine science.

And she quotes with approval, at p. 20, the following words from *Isis unveiled* :

The proofs of this identity of fundamental doctrine in the old [*i.e.*, Pagan] religions are found in the prevalence of a system of initiation in the sacerdotal casts which had the guardianship of mystical words of

³⁰ *Purpose of Theosophy*, pp. 28, 29.

power, and a public display of phenomenal control over natural forces indicating association with preter-human beings.

Again, at p. 23, she says :

Alchemy, astrology, witchcraft, demonology, sorcery, spiritualism, and every other name and form of what is commonly called the supernatural, [*i.e.*, the preternatural] spring from, and owe their existence, to the esoteric doctrine of the Ancients.

And Mr. Sinnett says :

They [the adepts] awaken the dormant sense in the pupil, [a sixth sense not yet in general use] and through this they imbue his mind with a knowledge that such and such a doctrine is the real truth. The whole scheme of evolution, which the foregoing chapters have portrayed, infiltrates into the regular Chela's³¹ mind by reason of the fact that he is made to see the process taking place by clairvoyant vision. There are no words used in his instruction at all.³²

At p. 19 he says :

The dual nature of the Mahatma is so complete that some of his influence or wisdom on the higher planes of nature may actually be drawn upon by those in peculiar psychic relations with him, without the Mahatma-man being at the moment even conscious that such an appeal has been made to him.

This, inasmuch as it is evidently impossible for any one to communicate with another without being conscious of doing so, means, in plain English, diabolical agency, or what is called in the Old Testament, "a familiar spirit."

Mrs. Sinnett says, at pp. 83, 84 :

The aspirant for spiritual knowledge can with the help of a master begin the work before him, the master at first being only required to give him certain advice relative to exercises for the development of his psychical faculties, and to see that in their progress and growth he does not come to grief. For such exercises . . . lay him open to the various influences resident in the unseen world, which, unless he is protected by a strong trained will-force,³³ are liable to gather round him³⁴ and produce very dangerous results.³⁵

³¹ Aspirants to adeptship.

³² *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 156.

³³ Clearly : for God alone can move the will (*Summa* Ia, 2æ, q. 75, a. 3), and therefore devils cannot compel it. But the cat is here let out of the bag.

³⁴ See the extract of this article above, from *Isis Unveiled*, quoted by Mr Sinnett, in which Mm. Blavatsky speaks of the "phenomenal control over natural forces" as "indicating association with preter-human beings," and "in the production of this book" (*Isis Unveiled*), says Mr. Sinnett (in *The Occult World*, p. 80), "she (Mm. Blavatsky) was so largely helped by the brothers (adepts) that great portions of it are not really her work at all."

³⁵ *Purpose of Theosophy*, pp. 83, 84.

No doubt they would. Nervous disorders, incurable diseases, madness and suicide, are among the well authenticated results of spiritism, as (for instance) the petition against it of twenty thousand American citizens to the Chamber at Washington, which petition also includes divorces in its indictment, practically proves. Mr. Dupotet attests that almost always advanced spiritists feel an impulse to commit suicide; and Mrs. Sinnett says, at p. 88, that an "ardent longing for spiritual freedom and liberation from conditioned existence," is the "fourth and last accomplishment of the adept;" while we read, at p. 7 of *Esoteric Buddhism*:

If the saint will even now put an end to this state of being he can do so, but the majority stand fast until nature has reached her goal.

What is the evident inference from this? Plainly that the occult practices of Buddhist adepts and of modern spiritists are derived from the same source of power; the difference being that the adepts are much more learned and efficient in devilry.

Again, at p. 72, Mrs. Sinnett says:

It is well known in India that Fakirs and Yogis can by the practice of ascetism and certain physical exercises, such as sitting for a long time together in a particular position, breathing at intervals laid down in accepted rules, &c., attain undoubtedly psychological powers, and perform physical phenomena. This kind of training is called Hattî Yog, while the higher description as taught by true adepts is called Raj Yog. Between these two modes of education for the attainment of abnormal powers there is an enormous difference, the gap that separates the two, from the lowest form of the one to the highest of the other, being filled in by followers of all the many and various religions and sects scattered over the whole of Asia. These include the juggler, who can, perhaps, practise a humble kind of sorcery, for a small remuneration, and the holy man or yogi . . . Far above the best of these yogis . . . stand the Mahatmas.³⁶

At p. 71 she says:

They [the Mahatmas] can create and disintegrate, that is to say, they are able to gather the elements out of the Akasa [the astral light or all-pervading ether]³⁷ necessary for the production of material objects, and cause them to become visible and tangible. . . .³⁸

This preternatural composition of elements, by means of which various appearances may be assumed and the senses deceived, is an old story in the Catholic Church, mentioned

³⁶ *Purpose of Theosophy*, pp. 72, 73.

³⁷ *Ibid.* p. 58.

³⁸ *Ibid.* p. 71.

[e.g.] by St. Thomas³⁹; nor is it surprising, when we remember that the fallen angels did not lose by their fall their enormous natural gifts and knowledge of the powers of nature:⁴⁰ but it marks the fact that Buddhist adepts deal in the Black Art.

Mrs. Sinnett goes on to say, p. 71:

They [the Mahatmas] can take cognizance of people and their thoughts regardless of distance—impress, influence, and directly communicate with them.

This is what mediums of every kind set themselves to do; and the fact of their often failing is no disproof of diabolical agency, but precisely the reverse.

For as an angel from Heaven [says the *Civiltà Cattolica*⁴¹] cannot know the mere thoughts of the human mind unless either God or man reveal them to him,⁴² and cannot foreknow with absolute certainty those future events which depend on human free will, much less can an angel of hell do so. God alone reads the heart of man. God alone, to whom all is present, is by His own nature a prophet. True it is, that the devil can but too well counterfeit both the one and the other. He imitates prophecy by prudent conjectures. Hence it is that heathen oracles and the divination of the spiritists often guess the future, and on the other hand their divination is sometimes confused and fallacious. Mere mental thoughts the devil can conjecture from the smallest signs, even from those that we give without being aware of it. He can guess them from the varying phantasmas of human fancy, phantasmas which indeed are simple, but not purely spiritual, since we have them in common with the brutes. In this way the devil mocks the imprudent, and makes them believe that he foreknows the future, and can penetrate the hidden thoughts of man.

Thus the devil is checked and often deceived, for he understands the natural, but not the supernatural.⁴³ Mr. Sinnett admits the fact without naming him.

The Mahatmas [he says, p. 17] are persistent in asserting that they are not infallible, but are liable to err, both in the direction of practical

³⁹ *Summa*, p. 1, q. 114, a. 4.

⁴⁰ *Summa*, p. 1, q. 64, a. 1.

⁴¹ *Civiltà Cattolica*, of December 18, 1886, pp. 664, 665, in an article (one of a series) "L'Ipnatismo tornato di moda," which most certainly ought to be translated, as well as the very instructive pamphlet by Father Franco, *Idea chiara dello Spiritismo*, and the interesting novel by him, called *Gli Spiriti delle Tenebre*.

⁴² Cf. *Summa*, p. 1, q. 57, a. 4.

⁴³ Cf. *Summa*, p. 1, q. 58, a. 5.

business in which they may be concerned, and in their estimate of the characters of men, &c. . . ."

Now if, as we are told, the seer [Mahatma], in a

Perfectly conscious and natural state . . . [has the power of] not only exchanging ideas with the people [in the astral lights] but also reading with great accuracy the thoughts and intentions of those living in the world,⁴⁴

the "characters of men" would of course be open before him, and he would not "be quite suprisingly liable to err."⁴⁵ This fact is expressed in another place by Mr. Sinnett, where he says that the Mahatma man [or adept] is "overshadowed"⁴⁶ by an occult power, which he calls the "spiritual Mahatma."

In short, diabolical intelligence, though enormously greater than ours, is not able to read our thoughts directly, and therefore is liable to err in judgment of this or that person. Moreover, it is well known that the evil spirits invoked by spiritists often give lying answers, often refuse to answer, and often oppose each other. Our missionaries in India bear witness that sorcerers are not unfrequently called in to undo the mischief done by others, and when unsuccessful, own that the other man's demon (which he calls a god) is more powerful than his own.

We have now seen clearly enough, I think, that esoteric Buddhism is the Black Art in perfection; but the following passage⁴⁷ is too suggestive to be omitted:

For some time past [says Mr. Sinnett] it has been affirmed in esoteric writing that there are five great cohan or superior Mahatmas, presiding over the whole body of the adept fraternity. When the foregoing chapter of this book was written, I was under the impression that one supreme chief on a different level again exercised authority over these five cohan. But it now appears to me that this personage may rather be regarded as a sixth cohan, himself the head of the sixth type of Mahatmas, and this conjecture leads at once to the further inference that there must be a seventh cohan to complete the correspondences which we thus discern.

Clearly there must, for the evil spirits are not equal in rank.⁴⁸ And St. Paul says⁴⁹ that our wrestling is against principalities

⁴⁴ *Purpose of Theosophy*, p. 56.

⁴⁵ *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 17.

⁴⁶ *Ibid.* p. 19.

⁴⁷ *Ibid.* pp. 19, 20.

⁴⁸ *Summa*, p. I, q. 109, a. 2.

⁴⁹ Ephes. vi. 12.

and powers," and our Lord Himself⁵⁰ speaks of Satan's kingdom.

Mr. Sinnett goes on to say, that

Just as the seventh principle in nature or in man is a conception of the most intangible order eluding the grasp of any intellectual thinking, and only describable in shadowy phases of metaphysical non-significance (not very useful phrases, by the bye, if words are intended to be anything more than gibberish)

so we may be quite sure that the seventh cohan is very unapproachable by untrained imaginations. But even he, no doubt, plays a part in what may be called the higher economy of spiritual nature, and that there is such a personage visible occasionally to some of the other Mahatmas, I take to be the case.

No doubt such a personage *is* visible occasionally to the Mahatmas, and plays a very important part: but he is commonly called the devil.

To Catholics the case is clear. For besides the authority of such men as (for instance) St. Augustine and St. Thomas, and the unmistakeable teaching of the New Testament as well as the Old—for instance, "Wizards thou shalt not suffer to live"⁵¹—the Holy See has explicitly condemned all such dealings with the preternatural. Even magnetism, which at first sight would seem comparatively harmless, was forbidden by the Holy Father, Pius the Ninth, as far back as 1856, in an Encyclical to all the Bishops. Somnambulism, clairvoyance, visions of things unknown, discourses on religion, invocation of the souls of the departed, receiving answers, discovering things distant and unknown, are all forbidden in the same Encyclical, because physical means are used to produce preternatural effects. Again, in 1841, the communication of thoughts, medical diagnoses by people ignorant of medicine, reading out of a closed book, &c., were condemned.

We had better, all of us, bear these things in mind, remembering that outward signs, used in producing preternatural effects, are taken from the devil's ritual,⁵² whether we are aware of it or not; and then we shall be careful not to play with the devil's tools under the plea of relieving somebody's headache by making a few passes. Outward signs, as the *Civiltà Cattolica* says in the article above referred to, are the means agreed on,

⁵⁰ St. Luke xi. 18.

⁵¹ Exodus xxii. 18.

⁵² See *Civiltà Cattolica*, Dec. 18, 1886, p. 673, 674.

explicitly or implicitly, for entering into a compact with the evil spirit.⁵³ Playing with edged tools is always dangerous, and especially so when they are forged by the father of lies.

This, then, is the new gospel, that "seeks its purpose in detecting identities." We quite agree with Mrs. Sinnett, that a system which is not in itself a religion in the common acceptation of the word, and which may and does include among its followers representatives of almost every religious belief in the world, as well as many who have no belief at all, may indeed put itself on friendly terms with a great many people who might otherwise reject it. Therein lies its power and the peril to us—not to any Catholic who is not either a knave or a fool, but to many outside the Church, who, having lost their bearings in that upheaval of Paganism which now shakes England to its centre, have no fixed belief, not even in error, while they crave despairingly for something better than the miserable materialism which modern progress offers and its prophets proclaim. People are no longer satisfied with believing in Paley's watch on a heath, nor with supposing that somehow John Locke knew what he was about. Philosophical works, whether there is any philosophy in them or not, are widely read, and even works of fiction teem with some sort of religiosity; for the thinking public of these days, whatever else it may be, is distinctly serious, looks at things in a serious light, and owing to its ignorance of the true, is fed with the false. Now feeding on the false gives a taste for the false—*l'appétit vient en mangeant*—and the false, being unsatisfactory, suggests a change. Esoteric Buddhism promises the forbidden fruit in the attractive shape of occult knowledge, while it disarms the sceptic by pretending to disown the preternatural. It bids in a friendly way against materialism by advertising itself as its opponent, yet holds out the right hand of fellowship to materialists by defining spirit to be a more subtle sort of matter, and throws the weight of its occult science on the materialist side by means of an ambiguous middle term. It reduces the supernatural to the level of the natural, and raises the latter to a position not its own, giving a sort of theological warrant for whatever may be put forward in the name of science. It teaches everything *ex cathedra*, and claims to do so by right of a higher scientific knowledge, that enlarges and explains the now prevailing doctrine of evolution and teaches human perfectability by human means, therein

⁵³ Cf. *Summa*, p. I, q. 110, a. 4,

agreeing with positivism, with benevolent radicalism, with kid glove revolutionism, and with every "ism" that denies original sin. It invites the sympathy of all those who suppose themselves to "covet truth" by reason of half believing the last thing out, on condition of being allowed to half believe something else; for, as we have seen, Theosophy "seeks its purpose in detecting identities rather than in emphasizing contrasts."

Exactly so. As the devil appeared to Eve under the semblance of a serpent, so do the fallen angels appear now, suitably to the times that are, setting before mankind the temptation of the forbidden fruit, and repeating the old promise, "YOU SHALL BE AS GODS."

E. H. DERING.

Photographs.

WHEN photographs printed on paper were introduced, and turned the old-fashioned daguerreotypes summarily out of doors, great things were expected of the new process. It was believed by some that portrait-painting as an art was doomed; and some even looked forward to the time when photographers would learn a way of reproducing on their plates the colours of nature, and thus supplant the painters of landscape. It is, perhaps, hardly too much to say that in spite of the popularity which light-pictures have obtained, photography has done little or nothing for art. In the department of science it is different. The sensitive plates of photographers have revealed secrets which were beyond the reach of the most powerful telescopes; and they have given at least some permanence to the fleeting phenomena of sun and stars. In the mechanical arts, too, where precision of outline is the one great necessary, the science has proved itself able to afford valuable aid. But this is a much lower sphere than that in which it was expected that photography would win her triumphs. It was believed that she would at least be unrivalled as a delineator of the human face and features; but even here she has failed to fulfil these high expectations. It is true that a good photographer will, with a good subject, and under favourable conditions, produce a portrait more life-like than any which could be painted except by a master of the art. And yet after a few years have passed, the best photographic likeness ceases to please. It is not merely that it has become dim by exposure to the light; it has somehow lost its vitality. It stares at us like the picture of a ghost, or like that of some one who is posturing in our friend's dress, under a mask cunningly devised to resemble his features. Only the most frightful daubs in oil can rival the grotesque yet common-place ugliness of old photographs. Frivolous young persons have been known, indeed, to pass away half an hour of a wet afternoon in a country house by playing at a species of whist with

the contents of an old album—the ugliest portraits serving for trumps and taking the tricks—forgetful that in a short time their own highly-prized cartes might very well serve the same purpose. Even if a photograph is good to begin with, it is liable to be strangely transmogrified by Time the Destroyer; but a bad one becomes after a few years absolutely repulsive. The face and features are there, but the informing soul seems to have vanished. There is no meaning in the fixed look; no association can be recalled by the vacant expression. If the original of the libellous picture is no longer alive, one hardly knows whether to preserve it as being, after all, a kind of relic, or destroy it as a caricature.

But if photography is not particularly successful with portraiture, it fails still more conclusively when it attempts the rendering of landscapes. Its fields can never be anything but patches of ugly brown, slightly roughened: its rivers, bits of paler brown, of the same tint, but smoother; its foliage, masses of the same brown, sometimes merging into black. Anything more meaningless, more unlike nature could not well be conceived; yet these pictures are bought and sold, circulated, exhibited, and admired—and in this way the British public is educated in art. If a plain photograph of a landscape is bad, however, a coloured one is indefinitely worse. It is worse, because it is more pretentious; and because the colours are not only always wrong, but always manifestly laid upon a shaded surface. Amateur photographers, in their haste to compass sea and land, will not remember that even if it were possible to photograph in colours, even if the reflection by a mirror could be fixed and transferred to paper, the result would be utterly unworthy of being called a picture. It could not have the first requisite of a work of art; it could not bear evidence that its creator had looked upon the face of his fellow-man, or on the face of nature, and had been able to tell what he saw. A collection of photographs bears very much the same relation to a gallery of paintings as Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax-figures bears to a collection of statues. The modeller of wax-figures might, indeed, contend that though his material is an inferior one, he is yet, in some sense, an artist, because the success of his efforts depends on his own personal ability for catching likenesses. If we compare a wax-figure made from a plaster-cast taken from the face of a dead man with a photograph, the analogy will be complete. Photographs

of buildings, however, may fairly be classed in a different category. In their case the mechanical method of transferring a scene to paper is applied, not to the multitudinous beauty of nature, but to the more simple and regular products of the hand of man. Pillars and arches, with their clear outlines and well-defined lights and shadows, lend themselves more kindly to the process than leafy woods or valleys standing thick with corn. Even ruined castles and abbeys may be reproduced in photography with wonderfully good effect, so long as the operator resists the temptation to introduce a bit of foliage, or one or two figures in the foreground. If he does that, he aspires to something more than his science can fairly accomplish; he proclaims to the world that he has been trying to produce a picture by mechanical means; and as a matter of necessity his work is so far a failure.

It may be argued that photographs have at least been of service in widening the domain of art, in bringing portraits and reproductions of famous pictures within the reach of the million; and that these services may justly be held to compensate for failure in other directions. There is force in this contention; and yet it would be easy to over-estimate the utility of photography in this respect. It is indeed a great thing that the poorest can now obtain portraits of their friends, and have something which they can treasure as likenesses of those who are no longer at their side. And it is a curious fact that those sixpenny portraits, or the badly shaded efforts of amateurs, are often more vivid and life-like than the most carefully finished products of the "studios" of fashionable photographers. A photographic portrait depends for its success chiefly upon its subject; and if the sitter happens to be one who "takes" well, a speaking likeness may be obtained from the rudest appliances. True, it is liable to fade; but while it lasts it may be more highly prized by its possessor than all the art-treasures of Europe are by their owners. So far photography is a boon: but when enthusiasts on the subject claim for it the respect which is due to missionary enterprise in art, they must not be surprised if the claim is not always allowed. Photographs of ordinary landscapes are so entirely unlike nature that they have no value whatever from an educational point of view. No one can learn what sea or stream, mountain or moorland is like by looking at photographs of these objects. It is possible to obtain an idea of the subject of an oil-painting from a photo-

graph of it; but any idea of the picture itself obtained in the same way must be a grossly imperfect one. The copy must be more or less distorted; and the pretence of accurate and indeed infallible resemblance imposes upon the observer, by supplying him with false notions which he is led to accept as true. It may very well be that there is a stage in art-education in which even coloured photographs or the "hardest" oleographs may be of value; but it is difficult to believe that more might not be learned from the window of a good print shop, or from a single visit to a gallery of good pictures, than from any number of servile copies of true works of art. There is no danger of photography becoming unpopular, especially in the department of portraits; but it might be worth while considering whether *cartes de visite* and "cabinet" portraits might not be supplemented by miniatures. There are artists who have a natural gift for that style of portrait-painting; and probably if one or two of them were to resume the practice of the old-fashioned art, they might bring those delicate little portraits into vogue once more. There is certainly room for them. Thousands of people are anxious to obtain permanent and satisfactory likenesses of their friends who cannot afford to pay the prices asked by good portrait-painters. There is no reason in the nature of things why an artist with a turn for catching likenesses should not be able to paint a miniature, good both as a likeness and as a picture, for a moderate sum, and make a very fair income by his labour. The revival of the old art would not diminish the popularity of photographs to any appreciable degree; and it would give people the opportunity of procuring portraits a hundred times more valuable than any which photography can produce.

The Koran and the Eastern Question.

PART THE SECOND.

CAUSES OF THE RISE AND DECLINE OF ISLAMISM AND ITS BEARING ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

CONSIDERED with regard to the time in which it arose, the objects its founder had in view, and the character of the races to whom it was addressed, the religion of Mahommed is fashioned with consummate skill. While the impostor was still a youth, the East was distracted by civil confusion and religious dissensions, both among Christians and idolaters.¹

It was a most favourable conjuncture for a daring, able, and unscrupulous man, like Mahommed, to attempt the establishment of a new religion. In order to attract votaries to his creed, he adopted a portion of the religious beliefs of Pagans, Jews, and Christians. Thus he sought to conciliate idolaters by preserving the ceremonies of the Kaaba; Jews, by admitting the Mosaic Law; and Christians, by allowing the Divine Mission of Christ. Possessed of a thorough knowledge of human nature, he cunningly adapted his religion to the prejudices and passions of his countrymen. By glowing descriptions of the sparkling fountains and verdant groves of his Paradise, he captivated the imagination of the people of a land in which water is a luxury and shade especially prized, owing to the ardent heat of the sun. The desire to dwell in more favoured lands (a prospect which Mahommed held out to them) induced them to risk everything to realize that hope, which they soon accomplished by the conquest of Syria, Spain, and the two Sicilies. The cupidity of men was also aroused to promote the success of Mahommedanism; and the numerous tribes of predatory Arabs were lured to the standard of Islam by their hereditary love of plunder. The Prophet distributed four-fifths

¹ At that time the Eastern Church was torn by the disputes of the Arians, Nestorians, Eutychians (Monophysites), Monothelites, Paulicians, Pelagians, Manichæans, &c.

of the spoils of conquest amongst his soldiers, reserving the remainder for himself. The spoils of every place which surrendered without a blow were, however, appropriated entirely by Mahommed. Any surplus in the treasury was distributed, in fixed proportions, amongst the faithful, beginning with the Prophet's family; and he arranged that, after his death, his wives should receive a handsome annuity from the public treasury.² Confronted by these facts, how can we believe, with Carlyle, in the sincerity and disinterestedness of Mahommed in preaching the doctrines of his Koran?³

Another circumstance also largely contributed to establish the influence of Mahommed over his countrymen. He was sprung from a noble and ancient family, the Khoreish, that had exercised the highest priestly functions at Mekkeh from time immemorial. Hence the races of the East were prepared to recognize in Mahommed the representative of their common Orientalism, and were also ready to acknowledge him as their prophet and ruler. To the prestige attached to his lineage were added the attractions of a handsome person and oratorical powers of a high order. All accounts concur in representing the bearing of Mahommed as that of one who seemed born to rule.⁴

The spirit of fanaticism with which he inspired his followers was a powerful means of success, causing them to fight for Islamism with a reckless bravery. In order to make them face death without fear, Mahommed taught that, by dying to propagate the Koran, they would go straight to Paradise. Hence Saracen commanders addressed their troops thus: "Paradise is before you; the devil and hell-fire in your rear."

The immense concourse of pilgrims to the Holy City also furnished Mahommed with facilities for spreading his religion amongst them.

Mekkeh was then a great centre of Eastern trade, to which not only merchants from all parts of the East, but also poets and musicians were attracted by the prospect of gain; the latter class brightening these gatherings with the charms of music and

² *Culturgeschichte des Orients unter den Chalifen*. By A. Von Kremer. Bd. I.

³ See Carlyle's *Hero Worship*, in which he declares the impostor to be "a true Prophet!" With Carlyle might is always right, and in his eyes Mahommed was a hero and a prophet because he was successful—no matter by what means.

⁴ For Mahommed's mental gifts and personal attractions the reader may consult Hottinger, *Hist. Orient.* vol. i. and the Arabian historian, Elmacin, who wrote a history of the Saracens.

of song. On these the oratory of Mahommed produced a powerful impression; and they carried back his creed with them to the various Eastern lands from whence they had come.

Under the impetus of these combined causes, it is in no wise surprising that Mahommedanism should have been so rapidly propagated. Impelled by mingled fanaticism and cupidity, the predatory votaries of the Prophet achieved conquest after conquest. After imposing the doctrines of the Koran on the greater part of the East, including Syria, Persia, and Ethiopia, the Saracens poured their irresistible forces on terrified Europe. They gained a footing in Spain by winning the battle of Xeres, in A.D. 711, in which Roderick, the Spanish King, risked the fate of his Gothic and Christian Empire against the Moslems.⁵ All Europe was panic-struck at the success of these infidels, when their course was unexpectedly checked by the brave Charles Martel, before the shock of whose steel-clad warriors the impetuous squadrons of the East collapsed, and fled from the plain of Tours.⁶ This battle was a crisis in the history of Christendom; and, had the Saracens been the victors, Gibbon's supposition that "the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pupils might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahommed," would have been, in all likelihood, realized.⁷

The subsequent victories of the Christians at Tolosa, Vienna, Zentha, and Lepanto, over the Ottomans were so many deadly blows to the Mahommedan power, which declined steadily after the last named naval battle. Since then her defeats at Navarino, Sinope, Kars, and her last crushing one at Plevna, have reduced her to her present impotent position, in which she no longer exerts any influence over the councils or destiny of Europe. Thus much for the exoteric and objective causes (if we may apply psychological terms to material events) of the decline of Islam; let us now consider the esoteric and subjective ones that are conducing to the disintegration of the Turkish Empire, amongst which sectarian differences play an important part. The two principal sects of Islam are the Sunnis, who claim to be the

⁵ Elmacin states, in the work just quoted, that the Saracens were admitted into Spain by the treachery of one of her nobles. This has furnished the subject of Walter Savage Landor's fine tragedy, *Count Julian*.

⁶ A.D. 732.

⁷ *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, c. 52 (vol. vi. p. 387. Smith's edition).

orthodox, and the Shya'is, whose dissensions have distracted the East for centuries. They differ on dynastic rather than on theological points, their chief difference being with regard to the three first successors of Mahommed to the Kalifah, which was not, at first, a hereditary but a religious office. The Shya'is regard the first three Kalifs, Abu Bekir (the father of Mahommed's favourite wife, Ayesha), Omar and Othman, as usurpers, and maintain that the Prophet's cousin and son-in-law, Ali, had the best claim to the Kalifah; whereas the Sunnis acknowledge the three above-mentioned Kalifs as the legitimate successors of Mahommed. In addition to their faith in the Koran, the Sunnis believe in the Soonnah; while the Shya'is reject the traditions contained in that book, but retain others derived from a different source. Another point of minor importance on which they are at issue is with reference to the number of Imaums; the Sunnis acknowledge the authority, or rather the sanctity of four, and the Shya'is of twelve, one of whom they believe disappeared about a thousand years ago, but is to return to the earth, supersede the Prophet, and subject all the faithful to his rule. Assuming to be the lost Imaum, and taking the sacred title of *Mahdi*, Mahommed Achmet raised the rebellion in the Soudan, with what results we all know. The Shya'is arose in Persia, the natives of which are, for the most part, followers of Ali, and the Turks are Sunnis; hence the hostility that has existed between them for ages. So bitter is this animosity that fanatic Shya'is frequently attempt, at the risk of their lives, to "defile the grave" of Abu Beker by throwing "unclean" things through the opening of the curtain at the head of his tomb at Medineh, where he is buried within the same enclosure as the Prophet.⁸

Among the other Mahomedan sects are the Wahabites (so named from their founder, Abdul Wahab), the Metualis, the Fatemites, the Ansari, and the Abbasides. The Wahabites reject all tradition, adhering strictly to the text of the Koran, and entertain a fanatical hatred against all unbelievers therein. The Metualis and the Ansari are mysterious sects, chiefly

⁸ Even in such a trivial matter as ablutions the Sunnis and Shya'is differ, the former washing the arms from the elbow to the wrist, the latter the reverse; so that the direction in which the hair lies on a Mussulman's arm will indicate to which of the two great Mahomedan sects he belongs. The tomb of Ali is at Nejed, near Bagdad, where a beautiful mosque has been raised over it. Pilgrimages are made to it from all parts of the East; and it is the ardent wish of every pious Shya, at some period of his life, to pray at and kiss the sacred soil around his shrine.

confined to Palestine, of whose doctrines we have but an imperfect knowledge. Another sect, called Soofees, pretend to enjoy familiar intercourse with God, and practise austerities. The members of the modern Mahommedan schism known as *Soff Islam* entertain communistic opinions. The members of the fanatical sect called Aissaouai of North Africa—founded about forty years ago by Sheick Sidi Ben Aissa—are subject, like the Indian fakirs, to access of religious frenzy, under the influence of which they lacerate their bodies, swallow live coals, nails, and broken glass, tear up living animals and devour their bleeding and quivering flesh. Mahommedans are also divided on the questions of the earthly or heavenly origin of the Koran, and the interpretation of the joys of Paradise as depicted therein; some affirming that they are allegorical, while others (by far the more numerous) maintain that they are to be taken in a strictly literal sense.

The unrestrained indulgence in sensual enjoyments which spread with their conquests among the followers of Islam also contributed to the downfall of the Ottoman power. The frugality of the earlier Kalifs was soon abandoned by their successors in the maturity of their triumphs; and we are told that the Kalif Mohadi used to travel with a train of camels, laden with snow, to cool his fruits and liquors. The luxury of their chiefs was copied by their subjects; and the debasing practice of polygamy, coupled with the faith in predestination, further conduced to the decay of manly spirit amongst the Moslems. To these causes of decay I must add the influence of the imperial harem in promoting worthless favourites to high posts for which they are utterly unfitted, and to the heavy drain its maintenance entails on the Turkish Exchequer.⁹

The harem has a still more important share in the decline of Islam by its emasculating effects on the Sultans of our day, who, instead of taking an active part in the government of their dominions, and in endeavouring to ward off the dangers that menace their existence, have lived within their harems, where they spent most of their time, to use the words which Macaulay applied to Indian satraps, in "chewing bang and fondling

⁹ The Vicomte de la Joncière, in his *Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman* (p. 695), states that, a few years ago, the Sultan's Seragli, absorbed 41,000,000 francs (£164,000) per annum, of which the sum of 400,000 francs (£16,000) was expended, in three months, on the single item of sugar supplied to the women of the Imperial Zenani.

women." In former times, in emergencies, when the Turkish Empire was beset with peril, the Sultans Bayazid, Murad the Second, Selim the First, and Suliman the First, proved themselves worthy occupants of the Kalifah, and by their energy and bravery saved their Empire from impending ruin ; but their degenerate successors in modern times have been *fainéants*, who were utterly indifferent to the fate of their dominions. Indolent, of a highly nervous temperament, and easily intimidated, the present Sultan, Abdul Hamed, is quite incompetent to grapple with the grave crisis through which his Empire is now passing.

And here I must indicate another powerful cause of the decline of Islam. The religion of Mahommed prohibits every kind of painting and sculpture.¹⁰ Both the Koran and the Soonah are agreed on that point. "Every painter," says Mahommed, "is in hell-fire ; and God will appoint a penance on the day of resurrection to punish him for every picture he has painted." This punishment was to put a soul into every living thing he had painted. The same penalty was imposed on sculptors. Hence the Osmanlis, at the outset of their career, destroyed all the paintings and sculpture they found in every place they conquered.¹¹ Mahommedanism also discountenanced singing and music. This opposition to the fine arts, which Islamism strictly enforced, rendered its doctrines peculiarly repulsive to the cultured intellects and æsthetic instincts of Christendom.

Finally, the Mahdian movement in the Soudan is also conducting towards the disruption of the Turkish Empire. It is not especially directed against Christians. It is an outbreak of a section of the Mahommedans, the Arabian Shya'is whom the late Mahdi represented. The other branch, who believe in the four Imaums, ignored his pretensions. He was a mere tool in the hands of the secret organization known as the Senoussi—so called after their founder, Sheick Sidi Ben Ali Es-Senoussi—which has emissaries wherever Mahommedanism exists, and whose object is to upset the existing Ottoman dynasty, and replace it by one of their own sect. In the Soudan campaign, therefore, the Egyptian troops fought as bravely as

¹⁰ Hence all images and effigies are excluded from the Ottoman coinage and stamps.

¹¹ With a Vandalism worthy of the Moslems, the Puritan Parliament under the Commonwealth decreed that all pictures in the royal collections which represented Jesus and the Blessed Virgin should be burned.

our own against the fanatical followers of the Mahdi and his lieutenant, Osman Digma.

What is now the condition of that once haughty Moslem power, whose turbaned hosts sweep, like a splendid pageant, across the pages of history? It is but the shadow of its former self, a phantom of the past, dependent for its very existence on the mutual jealousy of Christian Powers. That condition is the logical and inexorable sequence of its creed. A people who believe in the dogmas and traditions of Mahommedanism can never sympathize or amalgamate with the institutions, ideas, and progressive instincts of Christian nations. From its very nature, Mahommedanism is essentially and radically opposed to freedom and progress. Truly does an illustrious member of the Dominican Order thus contrast the East and the West, the lands of the Koran and of the Bible: "Tout ce qui va vers l'Orient va vers la servitude et la mort; tout ce qui va vers l'Occident, va vers la liberté et la vie."¹² For centuries Turkey has been in close contact with the great world of thought and action in busy Europe without being affected by it in any appreciable degree. The followers of Buddha, Confucius, and Vishnu are susceptible to the influences of Western civilization; the Japanese are already Europeanized, and even the hitherto exclusive Chinese will soon be so; the Turk—never! Obstinate wedded to the intolerant creed of Mahommed and its puerile superstitions, he opposes a stolid immutability to the age of progress in which we live, and is an obstacle in its way.

Sooner or later the Porte is doomed to destruction, either from within or from without; internally, by the slow but inevitable decay to which her creed, her institutions, intellectual stagnation and moral corruption condemn her; or externally, by the dismemberment and absorption of her possessions by other States. The latter process is going on steadily. The union of Eastern Roumania with Bulgaria furnishes Greece with a legitimate claim for the rectification of her frontiers at the expense of Turkish territory. Crete, Larissa, and Janina are ripe for annexation to Greece, which eagerly covets their possession.¹³ Under the domination of the gifted Hellenic race, which has

¹² L'Abbé Lacordaire, *L'Eglise et l'Empire Romain du Quatrième Siècle*.

¹³ The prosperous and ambitious Greece of to-day is very different from the country whose neglected condition provoked and justified, some twenty years ago, the sarcasm of Edmund About, in his *Grèce Contemporaine*: "La Grèce manque du nécessaire; elle s'en console par le superflu."

special aptitudes for trade, these ill-governed dependencies of the Porte would flourish, and their industrial resources become fully developed. At any moment events may arise that would give Austria a pretext for definitely appropriating Bosnia and the Herzegovina, which are thriving under her wise and firm rule. Tunis and Egypt have slipped from the control of the Porte, and that by the agency of the very powers who have guaranteed her integrity! It may be objected that England is bound to restore the latter to the suzerainty of the Padisha; but from Lord Salisbury's emphatic declaration at the late Guildhall banquet, that our troops will not evacuate Egypt until certain reforms in its administrative organization and finances be completed, it is clear that our occupation of the land of the Pharaohs will be prolonged to an indefinite period, owing to the corruption that pervades every branch of its native administration. In any case, England will retain an undivided control over that country; English statesmen being well aware that, should we give up our military hold on it, French influence would regain its ascendancy, to the detriment of the British, who have vital interests at stake in that country. It is well known that the Khedive is warmly attached to France, and that the sympathies and proclivities of Nubar Pasha—an astute Asiatic, and, under England, the actual ruler of Egypt—are thoroughly French, as all his antecedents attest.¹⁴ Neither is it likely that England will restore Cyprus to Turkey; for she is engaged by the treaty of Berlin to do so, on condition that Russia will yield back Kars and some other possessions which she won in her last war with Turkey, to the Porte; a condition very unlikely to occur. Moreover, the island constitutes England's "scientific frontier" in the Mediterranean, and is a useful basis of operations for the defence of her Indian Empire and her far Eastern colonies; that being the object which that sagacious and far-seeing statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, had in view when he effected the British occupation of the ancient kingdom of the de Lucignans.

Besides her conquest of Tunis, France is firmly established in Senegal. Italy has taken possession of the Turkish ports of Asab and Masorah in the Red Sea; a proceeding which has stimulated Germany to try and effect a similar encroachment on

¹⁴ Despite his subserviency to England of late (manifested notably in the affair of the *Bosphore Egyptien*) Nubar, when Minister under the ex-Khedive, Ishmael Pasha, was a warm partisan of the French in Egypt.

some suitable bay in the Ottoman dominions, in order to enable her to dispose in the marts of the East of her productions which find no purchasers in the glutted markets of Europe, and for which she has been long seeking outlets in distant, costly, and doubtful colonial enterprises. Morocco is destined, ere long, to be divided between Spain, Italy, and the North German Empire, which is keenly alive to the importance of a sea-port in the Mediterranean.

Not only in Europe, but throughout the world the star of Islam is on the decline. In the distant regions of Central Asia the Russians on the one side and the Chinese on the other have seized on provinces over which the Porte had long exerted considerable political influence through the medium of the Moslem faith.

The creation of the European possessions on the Congo into an international Free State will be another blow to Mahommedanism in that quarter of the globe, which will be opened up to Western civilization, and Christianity will be quickly propagated in the densely peopled regions watered by the great African river, which afford a splendid field for Catholic missionaries, especially those of France, who are ever foremost in planting the standard of the faith in the very strongholds of darkness and barbarism. Thus the Porte is hopelessly sinking into a state in which she will cease to exercise any influence whatever on the councils or destiny of Europe. Nevertheless, fallen though she be, some sanguine friends of Turkey believe that, with her well-organized and well-armed troops, whose bravery and powers of endurance have been proved in recent campaigns, she may be yet enabled to retrieve her position in Europe and regain somewhat of her ancient prestige. But that is now impossible. In her present bankrupt condition, and deprived of contingents from Egypt and United Bulgaria, she could not, even by taxing her resources to the utmost, muster an effective army of more than 300,000 men, which could not possibly cope with the enormous force Russia could oppose to it.¹⁵ Cautious politicians also believe that England is acting unwisely in abandoning the principle of maintaining the "integrity of Turkey," since the Sultan, if driven to bay, could play his "trump card," proclaim a *Gihad*, or Holy War, against the Feringhis, and thus imperil the existence of our Indian Empire. The "Commander of the

¹⁵ According to the *Almanach de Gotha*, Russia, in the event of war, could place four million men under arms.

Faithful," however, possesses scarcely any influence in that quarter; for the half-hearted Mahomedans of India are not fanatical, there creed—such as it is—being one of mere hollow ceremonies unvivified by faith. Moreover, they are now well affected towards the British Crown, as the readiness with which the Moslem rajahs and princes volunteered their assistance to the Indian Government in the dispute with Russia on the question of the Affghan frontier sufficiently proved. It is right to add that their loyalty is mainly due to the wise administration of two able Viceroys, Lord Ripon and Lord Dufferin.

The high-handed manner in which Russia has interfered in Bulgaria in causing the forcible abdication of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and in dictating, through the agency of its truculent representative, General Kaulbars, to the Regency the election of a Prince as devoted to the Czar and his policy as King Milan of Servia is to Austria, proves that she regards the principality as being virtually independent of the suzerainty of the Porte, and as being under her own special protectorate. Russia will not fail to take more decided measures to establish her influence over it, to the exclusion of England, towards which she entertains a bitter *animus*, not only for having checked her stealthy advances to the northern frontier of India, but for the part played by that power at the Congress of Berlin, by which she was deprived, chiefly through the influence of Lord Beaconsfield, of most of the advantages she had wrested from the Porte by the treaty of San Stefano. She is biding her opportunity, which she usually creates by intrigue, to decide effectively the long-pending question of the election of a Prince by occupying the recently united principalities.

Nor would such a proceeding kindle a general conflagration, as some writers on the Eastern Question believe. England, it is true—judging from the utterances of Lord Salisbury at the last Lord Mayor's banquet, and those of the late Lord Iddesleigh when receiving the Bulgarian delegates—would be ready to regard it as a *casus belli*. But neither that consideration nor the hostility of Austro-Hungary, so emphatically expressed in the determined language of Count Kalnoky, would deter Russia from the prosecution of her designs. She is held in check, however, by one European statesman, who is a power in himself, and the fear of whom makes her pause before taking any more pronounced action in the Bulgarian question. Diminished

as his influence has become of late, and thwarted though he has been in many of his projects by a recalcitrant Reichstag, Prince Bismarck is still, nevertheless, the arbiter of peace or war in Europe. Next to the care entailed by the alarming spread of Nihilist and Socialist doctrines in the German Empire, and in taking measures to counteract their influence, his chief pre-occupation at present is the development of its commerce, which has been seriously affected by the late commercial crisis and by the keen competition of French and British industries. Knowing, moreover, that the heterogenous elements of which the North German Empire is composed are not yet sufficiently consolidated, he is unwilling to incur the risk of imperilling its stability by engaging, even with England and Austria as allies, in the hazardous game of war with Russia, France, and (probably) Italy.¹⁶ He is, therefore, like his imperial master, strongly in favour of peace, which his recent speech on the German Army Bill, at the opening of the Reichstag, fully confirms. Such a struggle would, in fact, be disastrous even to the victors; and, rather than engage in it, these powers are far more likely to come to an understanding, and, amicably dividing the Turkish possessions in Europe between them, thus rid Europe of a Power by whose presence there pacific relations between the Christian Powers are constantly endangered. Nor will her share in the spoliation of Turkey in Europe divert the Colossus of the North from the fixed and long-cherished object of her Eastern policy—the acquisition of the fair city of the Padisha, imperial Stamboul, whose unrivalled position renders it the key of the East and of the West, and which Russia covets all the more, as its possession, independently of its political and strategical advantages, would enable her Court and aristocracy to avoid the rigours of their climate by migrating, during the winter months, from the ice-bound banks of the Neva to the sun-lit shores of the Bosphorus.¹⁷

The Porte is now in an utterly isolated position. Even

¹⁶ In case of war on the Bulgarian question, Italy would in all likelihood remain neutral. That power has been long making overtures for an alliance with Germany, which have not received much encouragement from the Imperial Chancellor, who can have but little sympathy with a nation in which he sees his *déte noire*, revolution, enthroned in the person of its King.

¹⁷ The Turks significantly designate Constantinople "The Eye of Islam." It is no less significant that it is known in most of the native dialects of Russia as *Czarigrad*, "The City of the Czar." I need scarcely remind the reader that the Russian troops were at the gates of Constantinople towards the close of the campaign of 1877, and that they would have seized the Turkish capital had it not been for the presence of a British fleet in the Bosphorus.

England, her old and hitherto faithful ally, which has been long and vainly striving to bolster up "the sick man," has at length abandoned him to his fate. This defection of England from Turkey was clearly manifested at the Congress of Ambassadors held lately at Constantinople to regulate the Servo-Bulgarian question. At that Congress the representatives of England declared for the union of Eastern Roumania with Bulgaria. France has adopted the same policy, under the inspiration of one of her ablest and most experienced statesmen, M. de Freycinet. But the abandonment of Turkey by England was still more clearly intimated in Lord Salisbury's speech at Newport in the autumn of 1885, when he declared himself in favour of the emancipation of the Christian subjects of the Porte, "wherever that rule is incompatible with their welfare." In these last words his lordship laid his finger on the core of the Eastern Question. That speech marks a wide departure from the maintenance of "the integrity of the Turkish Empire" which has been one of the cardinal principles of British, and especially Tory, politics; and even Mr. Gladstone himself, ardent turcophobe as he is, could not have given utterance to more truly "Liberal" sentiments than those enunciated by his able political rival. Hitherto, European statesmen, in dealing with the Eastern Question, have subordinated the condition of Christians under the oppressive sway of the Porte to that bugbear of diplomatists, "the balance of power." The irrepressible instincts of nationality and race are forcing that important point in a peremptory manner on their attention. Most of the leaders and promoters of the Bulgarian revolution were educated in the Anglo-American College at Romolo Hissar, near Constantinople, where they imbibed the love of freedom and hatred of despotism, whether Turkish or Muscovite, with which they are inspired; and the patriotic enthusiasm that now prevails amongst the Christians of the principalities, unmistakeably proves that they are determined not to be treated in future as mere pawns on the political chess-board of Europe. In any case, their emancipation from the tyrannical sway of Turkey is ensured. But even their subjection to the Russian Empire would be preferable to their restoration to "the tender mercies" of the Porte. Russia often cruelly persecutes all who differ from "the Orthodox Church," yet it must be admitted that the condition of Catholics would be better under Muscovite rule, with all its drawbacks, than beneath the degrading yoke of Islam.

Events in the East are concurring towards the furtherance of their patriotic views. Emboldened by the passive attitude of the Porte in the Bulgarian question, in which she is making no attempt to defend her treaty rights, Panslavism is becoming stronger and more confident than it has hitherto been. It now comprises all the races who were once completely subservient to the Osmanlis—the Czecs, Austro-Slavs, Croats, and even the Magyars, who are ethnologically connected with the Turks. The Boyards and the Rayah population of the Danubian principalities, the bulk of whom are Catholics, constitute the most important factor in this movement, which will end, at no distant date, in the only satisfactory solution of the troublesome and dangerous Eastern Question—the total destruction of that fetid mass of corruption and servitude, the Ottoman Empire.

B. ARCHDEKAN-CODY.

*Triumphant Democracy.*¹

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has written a book which cannot fail to interest deeply every reader, and especially every Anglo-Saxon reader, who peruses it to the end. A book having for its title, *Triumphant Democracy*, naturally leads us to expect something like a pæan on the form of government which obtains on the other side of the Atlantic, and it must be admitted that the hard facts and the carefully ascertained figures which have been put together for our inspection go a long way in justifying the enthusiasm with which the writer speaks of the land of his adoption.

It is by setting before us what has been accomplished under the shadow of the great Democracy that Mr. Carnegie rightly considers he will most readily win our approbation. We all have an interest in the working of Democracy just now, for Democracy is at present in the air. Without quite knowing in what shape it will ultimately crystallize, we may be pretty sure that Democracy is the coming type of government in this country, hardly in name, perhaps, but still in point of fact.

It is therefore more than interesting to us to see what Democracy has done with a race which sprang from us, and mainly from those classes of the community now rising to political power; which has our national propensities, our abilities and our instincts, all modified by causes which we can trace, and developed under circumstances which have freed them from the trammels while giving them the benefits of tradition, and allowing the fullest scope for every individual capacity.

The position attained by any race is no doubt immensely dependent on its geographical position, and in this respect the American Republic is singularly fortunate. The mere possession of mineral wealth or a fertile soil can hardly be

¹ *Triumphant Democracy, or Fifty Years' March of the Republic.* By Andrew Carnegie. London: Sampson, Low, and Co., 1886.

counted to the credit of any people, but the use which that people make of the mineral and agricultural wealth within its reach speaks eloquently of its ability and energy, and of the wisdom of the government which promotes and wisely guides its energies.

It is precisely in putting before us in a convenient way a summary of what Americans have done with the material possibilities open to them, that Mr. Carnegie's book is so useful. No doubt the terms in which he expresses himself seem sometimes rather warm to some of us who have not been born with the *perfervidum Scotorum ingenium* and who have not experienced in our own persons the temporal blessings for which Mr. Carnegie is so rightly grateful, nevertheless, the record of American achievement is sufficiently striking, no matter in what form it may be related.

Mr. Carnegie maps out his subject very clearly by devoting separate chapters to the various items which he treats, in most instances tracing in a few words the state of things as they were fifty years ago, and then furnishing us with their present development, giving thus a bird's-eye view of past and present which opens out wide possibilities for the future.

The book opens with some remarks on the American people which it is well to bear in mind when considering America under a Republican Government. Which is in the abstract the best form of government is a question we may leave for the learned leisure of philosophers, but which is the best form of government for any particular people is a problem which can be solved only by knowing the peculiar genius of the people in question. Now there is much which is said in *Triumphant Democracy* in praise of the Republican form of Government which many will think should rather be said in praise of the Republican people in America. The Republic works well in America because the people it rules come of a race peculiarly well fitted for living under that form of government. The independence of the Englishman's character, his self-reliance, his steadiness and predisposition in favour of obeying existing authority rather than contravening it, all this makes him admirably suited for living under a Democratic Government. Mr. Carnegie would have had a very different record to set before the world had the American Democracy during the last fifty years been as essentially French as it is essentially English. It is no disparagement of Republican

Government to say that some races are at present unfit for it, but it is great praise for the American people that they are eminently suited for the free government they enjoy.

With such an institution as the French Republic before his eyes, Mr. Carnegie may with good reason say, "Fortunately for the American people they are essentially British." Knowing the immense emigration from Continental nations during some years past, we might not be prepared for this statement, but we must remember that up to 1840, in which year immigration on a large scale began, the population of the States was almost entirely English or Irish. Between 1840 and 1880, some nine millions of immigrants landed in the United States, of whom fifty-five per cent. were English or Irish. In spite, therefore, of the immense influx of foreigners, as Mr. Carnegie in true British phraseology calls them, the population of the Republic still retains the same character, four-fifths of it consisting of immigrants from the United Kingdom. And the chance of the American people remaining essentially British are certainly great. The main bulk of the emigrants, not of British origin, who find their way to the States are Teutons, and large as their numbers are, they do not seem larger than will be useful to tone down some of the ruggedness in the sturdy British character which stands in need of some such modification. Thus the descendants of this kindred race, under the influence of climate, institutions, and social intercourse, will readily approximate to the prevailing type. It is worth noting, too, in this connection that emigration from England to the States, which reached 64,000 during the period from 1851 to 1860, rose to 152,000 during the years 1881 to 1885, and the emigration from Ireland during the same period fell from 123,000 to 80,000.

We hear so much of the numbers of emigrants who leave Europe for America that we may insensibly be inclined to overrate the influence of immigration, and it may be a surprise to many to hear that, out of fifty-six millions who now form the population of the Republic, no less than forty-nine millions, or seven-eighths, were born in the States, thus showing that the immigration is not more than will be useful in supplying an invigorating element to the main stock.

It was feared at one time that unpleasant complications might arise from the rapid increase of the coloured population, but these fears were set to rest by noting two circumstances which tell against any formidable relative increase of the

coloured element. Though the birth rate amongst the coloured population is higher than amongst the white, it is more than balanced by a higher death rate, and as there is no coloured immigration, they can increase only by the natural increase of population. It seems generally admitted that the social improvement among the coloured population since the war of emancipation is most encouraging, they are becoming more orderly, and more industrious. What influence their more provident habits will have in checking their death rate, yet remains to be seen, but it hardly seems likely that they will numerically compete to any serious extent with the whites; indeed, while in 1830, they formed 18 per cent. of the population, in 1880, after some years' experience of their much improved condition, the proportion had fallen to 13 per cent.

In spite of the ample domains at the service of new comers, population in America, as elsewhere, seems to concentrate in towns, giving us a growth of towns truly wonderful, but too well known to need any remark here. San Francisco, Milwaukee, and many other names will readily occur to the reader, towns like Chicago, where fifty years ago a settler, "might have bought the hull tarnation swamp for a pair of old boots," if only he had had the boots. The swamp then so modestly valued now has a population of 700,000 and is remarkable even among the cities of America for the immense scale on which houses and streets and parks have been constructed. As to the general condition of the people, it seems that Americans on the whole have harder work, and work harder than the dwellers in these old countries, but the conditions of life seem superior to what obtains on this side of the Atlantic. The people are better fed, if not better housed, they have facilities for locomotion and communication which add much to the general well-being, they read more, they are more musical, they quickly adopt modern improvements, and among those who do the rough work of life, many have home comforts and even refinements, books, papers, musical instruments, not thought of by those pursuing similar occupations in England. Being still a young country, there is naturally much to be done in America, and consequently the people are more generally occupied, and though there has hardly been enough time for the formation of any very large leisured class, there has been ample room for activity, commercial, industrial, inventive and scientific, by which not America

only, but the whole world has greatly benefited. Countries like individuals, however, do not always remain young, and there are not wanting signs that America may have to experience some of the throes resulting from redundant population which have come upon the older communities. Mr. Carnegie notes with some misgiving the great rates of increase in the employment of women, not that the occupation of unoccupied women is not a desirable thing in itself, but that it indicates a necessity for increased exertion on the part of every member of the family. The general condition of the people may be summed up by means of the comparison of what we may call official pauperism in England and America, the rates of paupers to population in England is 33 per 1,000, in America only 5. With the exception of France and Spain, where it is much on a level, the pauperism of England is very much below that of other European countries, Italy having 48, Prussia 50, Switzerland 54, and the Low Countries 105 per 1,000. So that America stands very high with respect to the Old World in general.

The zeal with which Americans have founded schools, and the foresight which made their legislators set apart public land for producing endowments for the benefit of education, must attract our unqualified praise. Ample provision is made for the secular instruction of children, though no Catholic could endorse Mr. Carnegie's statement "that all feel that the public school is not the proper place for religious instruction." The religious differences existing among the many varieties of Protestant religious opinions have driven men, weary of discord, to take refuge in banishing the most important element in education, a natural but none the less a deplorable result. Perhaps no country has ever had such a triumph among civilized nations as that enjoyed by the American Democracy in the relative proportions of their military and educational expenditure. While England spends twenty-eight millions annually on her armaments, and some six millions on education, America spends eighteen millions on education, and only nine millions on its army and navy. This of course represents the expenditure of public money, for in fairness to England it must be borne in mind that the bulk of our education is paid for by private individuals, and that though six millions may represent the amount paid by the Government, it takes no account of what is paid by the

people, which is undoubtedly very much in excess of the Government allowance to poor schools. Yet this does not detract from the unique triumph America may record as to the manner in which she spends the monies raised by taxation. The French Republic in this respect has even a worse record than Great Britain, for while it spends thirty-five millions annually on its armaments, it only sets apart three millions for education.

The deep sense of religion which Americans have inherited is shown in the 92,000 churches which they possess, all built and supported by the voluntary contributions of the people. Numerically the largest religious body is the Roman Catholic, numbering 6,800,000 in 1880, while the next largest body, made up of the various forms of Methodism, amount together to some 3,200,000. The grandest church in America, appropriately enough, is the Cathedral of St. Patrick in New York.

It will not surprise any one to find America standing foremost as an agricultural country. Its agricultural produce in 1880 was valued at £604,000,000, a hundred millions sterling ahead of any other nation. Though America is undoubtedly the land of big farms, it is very instructive to find that the average size of farms, which in 1850 was 203 acres, has since been steadily diminishing, and now stands at 134 acres, figures which most probably indicate that the most profitable farming is that which can be managed by one family with improved machinery but without extraneous help. The majority of farms are worked by their owners, that is, out of four million farms, roughly speaking, three millions are cultivated by the proprietors. Of the larger farms only five per cent. are rented and another five per cent. worked on the co-operative principle. The average value of farm land is £4 per acre, having during the last thirty years increased its value three and a half times, that is, land which was worth £100 now realizes £350. Four years ago England imported £35,000,000 worth of corn from American farms, since then corn from India has diminished the demand for American cereals. Very little mutton is exported from America, not £60,000 worth, but American hams and bacon to the amount of £10,000,000 a year have been exported. The capital invested in farming amounts to £2,102,000,000, bringing in a return of £110,000,000, say five per cent., a fair return, but not one which will bear much diminution of present prices.

It will be a surprise to find that America is also much the largest manufacturing nation. While England in 1880 produced manufactures valued at 811 millions sterling, in the same year America produced goods valued at 1,112 millions, being an increase of six hundred per cent. on the manufactures for 1850. In some of the American industries, which show an increase in production, and also an increase in the amount of wages paid, we find, instead of an increase in the numbers employed, a very perceptible decrease. This is owing to improvements in machinery. Slaughtering and meat packing is an industry of recent growth, but employs 27,000 hands. In Chicago nearly six million pigs were converted into pork in the space of one year.

England has had almost a monopoly in iron and steel for so long, that the rapid advance of America as a manufacturer of steel will come as an unpleasant surprise. In 1870 England made 245,000 tons of steel, and America only 64,000; but in 1881, though the production of steel in England had advanced to 1,780,000 tons for the year, America was close behind with 1,374,000 tons. Such an advance promises very formidable competition with our most prominent industry.

The lumber trade is an almost exclusively American occupation. One hundred and forty-eight thousand hands are engaged in felling the timber of the forests where Jesuit missionaries once taught the natives the truth of our faith, the names of the rising towns, such as Marquette, still preserving the names of the Fathers who two centuries ago lived and laboured in those inaccessible regions. The enormous forests, yielding ash, cherry maple, mahogany, and many other valuable varieties of wood, will stand the onslaught made on them for many years to come. Boots and shoes are made by machinery on an enormous scale, one single factory in Massachusetts turning out in one year as many pairs as thirty-two thousand boot-makers in Paris. This machinery is labour saving to such an extent that with it one man can make three hundred pairs of boots in one day.

Mining is carried on on an extensive scale. One of the most curious results of mining has been the tapping of enormous reservoirs of gas. When drilling for petroleum near Pittsburgh, the great centre of the iron industry in America, a great explosion of gas occurred, and igniting, was allowed to burn for five years, under the impression that it was the

prelude to the outburst of the oil. Finding the supply permanent, companies were formed, and gas-wells yielding thirty million cubic feet a day now furnish a smokeless gas to the manufacturing districts about Pittsburgh.

Many matters worthy of note of which Mr. Carnegie treats must necessarily be omitted in a short article like the present, but there is so much that is admirable in the chapter on "The Government's non-political work," so much that is distinctively American, that it ought not to be passed over. Information of all kinds is collected, tabulated, and placed within easy reach of the entire community by means of bureaus. "The present condition of crops in California or in Egypt, the degree of cloudiness in Dakota, the number and condition of hogs in Kansas City, the appearance of grasshoppers in Georgia, the present position of a water-logged wreck in mid-Atlantic, the changes made yesterday in the revolving light at Nagasaki, the coal at present available for ships at St. Helena—these and a thousand other matters are noted, docketed, and labelled; every change being recorded almost as soon as it takes place."

The immense public utility of this mass of minute information is evident. "Thus the American farmer or merchant can always ascertain the amount of acreage in particular crops, the condition of crops as regards growth, maturity, and probable yield, the number and local value of horses, cows, sheep, oxen and other cattle, the prices of labour in different localities, or any other data bearing on his work. Further, seeds are distributed and planted all over the vast continent, and the results of differing soils and conditions carefully noted and deduction drawn as to the appropriate environment. The habits and life-history of insects and birds injurious to vegetation and the best means of destroying them are subjects occupying the attention of a separate division in the Department. In its own garden the Department cultivates new varieties of fruits and plants for dissemination throughout the country."

Such work as this, carried on on a large scale, shows that the Democracy busies itself in right directions. Attention has been called in presidential elections to certain blots in the Civil Service, as if the form of government in America stood alone in being open to adverse criticism in this respect. In everything human there must be imperfection, but perhaps one explanation of the charges levelled at the shady side of American adminis-

tration may be found in the existence of greater publicity. In older communities the public see results without knowing much of processes. It would be difficult to speak too highly of a constitution which, like the American, has passed through such a convulsion in the Civil War, and come out stronger from the ordeal, which secures so much individual liberty with firm government, which secures well-being at home and commands peace abroad, a Democratic government tempered by the unmistakeable conservatism of the people. Alone among the nations America has a revenue which exceeds her expenditure, almost alone she has no army to speak of, yet the well known spirit of her people is such that it alone is a sufficient safeguard. Living in peace, leaving her neighbours alone as long as they do not molest her, cherishing no designs of conquest, yet fearing no possible enemy, America certainly holds a proud position. The youthful life which fills her citizens is free to employ itself in devising means of ameliorating the conditions of life; free scope is indeed allowed to almost any theory, but the general good sense of the community swings the pendulum back again when it vibrates too far in the wrong direction. In many respects America is undoubtedly the pioneer nation: she was yesterday where other nations may hope, perhaps, to be to-morrow, and though her geographical position gives her advantages which less favoured nations cannot hope to emulate, the influence of American example is felt all over the civilized world. It is certainly felt in England, not that England will ever become quite American, but some of the ideas born in the Republic will grow to maturity here at home; corrected and toned down by the mellowed experience of the mother country, they will aid that unceasing development of national life which must take place as long as a nation is truly living. No picture, however, which is true to life is wholly without shade, and the material well-being which is the lot of the American people, coming as the reward for battling with rough beginnings, may easily constitute a danger to the higher interests of the nation. As Dr. Spalding points out, the marvellous development of wealth and numbers¹ has tended to put before young men but one idea—the success which means money, while the improvements in machinery have made men less important as individuals. The danger which the eloquent

¹ *Growth and Duty*. An Oration. By Right Rev. J. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. June 23, 1886.

Bishop of Peoria fears may result from this is a loss of personality, that men may be content to resemble one another, to be one of a set, that the conditions of life may prove unfavourable for the production of strong characters cast in noble mould like the original framers of the Federal Constitution. But in America the opportunities will make the men. When the material wants of the nation have been sufficiently attended to, the energies of the people will look for other outlets: the higher forms of art and literature are the outgrowth of time. Time is wanted to mature the taste which shall develop distinctively American schools of art. Time will magnify the personalities of the great men of America's past, and by so doing put before men some of the higher ideals which Dr. Spalding thinks are needed. No country honours its great men more devotedly, no country appreciates eminence in any shape more profoundly, and when America has had more of that one thing in which she is behind the Old World—time—then it will be seen that then she will have to record higher triumphs and even nobler victories than the material achievements which Mr. Carnegie has recorded in his summary of fifty years' march of the Triumphant Democracy.

W. D. STRAPPINI.

Bicé; a Story of Florence.

PART III.

Adieu ! le passé se brise,
Tu cherches un nouvel amour,
Mais ne crois pas qu'il suffise
Pour oublier d'un seul jour.
Ton cœur ne saura que faire,
D'aimer ou bien de gémir,
Je resterai ton Calvaire,
Car tu M'auras fait mourir !

THE slow hours dragged by, and I wandered miserably about the house, devoured with anxiety. Luncheon time came, and I tried to induce Bicé to come down, but in vain. She scarcely seemed to take in what I was saying. At length I heard Hugh's voice in the hall. I flew down, threw myself into his arms, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh," I sobbed, "I am so glad you have come!"

"Why, Daisy, my dear little Daisy, what is the matter?"

"Such an awful thing has happened. Bicé looks so dreadful, so unlike herself. And Papa will not be back till late to-night, and I don't know what to do!"

"Tell me all about it," he said, gently stroking my disordered hair.

I told him as briefly as I could, my words broken with sobs.

"And oh, Hugh," I concluded, "I am afraid Bicé is going to be very ill. She does not answer me, and she sits there in front of the window, staring straight before her, without moving."

"Do you think she would see me?" he asked.

"I will see," catching at the suggestion with a ray of hopefulness. "Perhaps you might do her good."

I went upstairs and gently opened the door. There was a great change in Bicé since I had seen her last. She was pacing the room with rapid uneven steps, clasping and unclasping her

hands with feverish agitation. A bright colour burned in her cheeks, and she was muttering to herself words which I could not catch.

"Bicé," I timidly said, "Hugh is here; will you see him?"

She stopped and gazed at me as if trying to collect her thoughts. Then she bowed her head and began again her restless walk.

Hugh was waiting anxiously outside the door.

"You may go in," I said, making way for him. My knees trembled under me, and I sank down on the floor waiting for his return.

He only remained a few minutes, and came out looking very pale.

"I am going for the doctor, Daisy," he said hurriedly. "Stay with her till I come back. She is not fit to be left alone."

Before morning she was raving in delirium. My father came back to find the bright home he had left in the morning changed into a house of sorrow, and the daughter he loved so fondly meeting his gaze without recognition. He hung over her distracted with anxiety. It seemed so terrible to hear our Bicé, who had never consciously harmed a living thing, reproaching herself bitterly in her senseless wanderings, and torn with remorse for another's crime.

Over and over again she rehearsed the frightful scene, repeated in broken sentences his words, then shrieked with horror and covered her eyes with her hands. At times a lull would come in the storm, and she would repeat so mournfully, so anxiously:

"Did I deceive him, Daisy? Did I deceive him?"

What a hardship, almost a wrong, suffering seems when we are young. As we grow older we learn to know that it is the common lot, that sooner or later it must come to all, and we take up the burden with a certain dull patience that is not always resignation, only a recognition of the inevitable. But in youth we chafe impatiently against the burden of sorrow; we cannot understand why it should come to us, and with the dawn of each new day it seems as if relief *must* come, as if it were all some evil dream that would pass away with the morning light.

Thus I felt as I moved through the house, so changed and quiet, the servants' voices hushed and low, and their faces sympathetically grave. Yet day after day went by, and still

the fever ran its course, burning away with its fiery breath the life-strength of our darling.

The nights were the worst; when the rest of the world was hushed in slumber began Bicé's struggles for her life with the foe that held her in its powerful grasp. The morning hours brought the calm of exhaustion; white as the pillows on which she lay, her faint low breathing was scarcely perceptible. I was kneeling by her bedside, wondering, scarcely daring to hope it was sleep which closed those weary eyes, when I felt a hand on my arm.

"Daisy, my child, you are quite worn out," said my father's voice. "Go and rest."

I looked up imploringly.

"She is quiet now. Go, my child. Do not make my heart ache with anxiety for both my children."

His voice broke as he spoke. I dared not resist any longer and silently left the room. But not to lie down. I could not do it. It was only by constant motion that I could deaden my keen anxiety, and endure the cruel suspense. I wandered down into the garden; the freshness and quiet seemed like a balm to my troubled spirit. Gradually my nerves grew quieter, my restlessness subsided, and I sat down in one of the great rocking-chairs and leant back my tired head.

After a time I heard a step behind me on the gravelled path—a woman's figure, tall and slight, in robes of deepest mourning, was coming towards me. With a start of surprise, almost of fear, I recognized Gemma Donati.

"Daisy," she said, taking my hand in hers, while I stood stupefied, "I want you to forget all that I said that day. I was half mad with grief and despair. Will you forgive me and let me help you to nurse Bicé?"

"Oh, Gemma," I exclaimed impulsively, tears born of weakness and self-reproach filling my eyes, "this *is* good of you! I have been very unjust to you."

"Is she very ill?" she asked anxiously.

"Very, very ill," I answered sadly. "She has never been conscious since that night. It is so terrible to hear her wanderings. The house does not seem like itself without her, and I am sure everything is all at sixes and sevens, though I do all I can. But papa does not notice anything—he looks years older with anxiety."

"Poor Daisy! Poor child! It is too much for you. You must let me come and help you."

"It is very good of you, Gemma," I answered gratefully. "I will ask papa."

"I suppose Mr. Barrington is here every day," she said after a short silence.

"Yes, he never misses."

A gleam of some feeling that I could not understand shot across her face, but was gone in an instant. She rose and kissed me.

"Then you will let me know, dear Daisy, if I may come, and I will stay with you as long as I can be of any use."

"But your father——" I hesitated.

"My father!" she repeated with a bitter dreary smile. "So long as he has his club and his dinner, the world may come to an end for every one else. If I had had a father like yours, Daisy, I should have been a very different girl."

Left to myself I sat plunged in thought, in which mingled a good deal of self-reproach. How far more truth there was after all in Bicc's charity than in my boasted penetration. Here was this poor girl whom I had judged so harshly, putting aside her own great trouble to come and help me in mine. My heart went out to her in repentant gratitude.

In truth the burden of responsibility and anxiety had weighed very heavily on me. I was only just seventeen and childish for my years; till now Bicc had decided everything for me, and I felt bewildered and lost amidst all that devolved upon me. With a feeling of relief I greeted the prospect of a companion to share and lighten my anxiety, and with whom I need not undergo the strain of keeping up as I had to before my father.

But Hugh, coming in as usual a little later, viewed the matter very differently.

"I would not have her, Daisy, if I were you."

"Why not, Hugh?" I asked in surprise.

"I don't trust her. I can't bear the idea of her being with Bicc."

"Oh, Hugh, that is prejudice. I used to think like you. But I believe Bicc saw more clearly than either of us. And if you had seen her to-day you could not doubt her."

"It may be unreasonable," he acknowledged reluctantly, "but I feel as if harm would come of it."

But my revulsion of feeling in her favour was too powerful to be shaken by his vague objections. Besides, his feelings were so

like what mine had been that I felt as if I almost atoned for my own injustice towards Gemma by disregarding them. My father consented, as he would have consented to anything that could relieve or comfort me then, and that very night Gemma Donati became an inmate of our home.

She was a born nurse. All my anxious love and devotion could not do for Bicé what her innate gift accomplished so easily. Do what I would, my dress *would* rustle, my step *would* creak, and irritate the quivering nerves of my suffering sister, while Gemma's noiseless movements were unnoticed. The magnetic touch of her firm light hand seemed to soothe the restlessness like a magic spell, and a sort of mesmeric sleep seemed to fall upon Bicé as Gemma held it on her brow. Then, in spite of all my efforts my heavy eyelids would close, and my weary senses strove in vain to understand what she wanted. She would turn impatiently from me to Gemma, making my heart ache, though I knew how unconscious the movement was.

It was the darkest, stillest hour of the night. The last faint echoes of a late returning carriage had died away down the street, and all Florence was wrapped in slumber. But in Bicé's room the lamp shed its steady light around, and there was no rest for the fever-stricken patient. Wearily she tossed from side to side, her eyes wandering vacantly, and broken disconnected words falling from her parched lips. I had persuaded Gemma to rest and let me watch awhile, but she would not leave the room, and from the couch in the window where she had thrown herself down I heard the sound of her low regular breathing. A feeling of loneliness and depression came over me, the only conscious watcher in the silent house, and gloomy forebodings began to fill my thoughts. I lifted my eyes, longing for help and comfort. They fell on a lovely picture of the Mother of God that hung over Bicé's *prie-dieu*. It seemed to gaze down on me with a heavenly compassion and tenderness; to whisper "My child, I also have known sorrow. Tell me your grief."

I fell on my knees before it.

"O Queen of Sorrows," I prayed imploringly, "whose heart was wrung with so bitter an anguish, help me! Be a Mother to me who have no mother on earth!"

I turned away calmed and comforted. As my eyes fell upon Bicé, I saw that a great change had come over her. The fever-flush had died away from her face and her restless tossing had ceased.

I hung breathlessly over her. Instinct told me that this was the crisis I had so often heard of, and that on this moment hung Bicé's life or death. Slowly her eyes opened and rested on me, for the first time for many days, with full consciousness.

"Daisy," she uttered in a thick strange voice, "what has happened?"

I did not know what to answer, so afraid was I of suggesting to her mind the remembrance of the past.

"You have been very ill, my darling," I began, but she stopped me with feeble impatience.

"No, I do not mean that. I know something dreadful has happened, but a thick veil seems to hang over it, and I cannot lift it."

I trembled as I saw the dim memories struggling, gathering strength in her mind. Suddenly with a lightning flash it broke upon her, she gave a gasp, a feeble moan, and sank back on her pillow. I seemed to see the life fading out of her face before me, and with a stifled cry I flung myself down beside her.

"Oh, my Bicé, my Bicé, do not leave us! Oh, live for our sakes!"

"How can I live," she murmured brokenly, "who have caused the death of another!"

But as the words left her lips she started violently, and clung to me with all her feeble strength.

"Oh, Daisy, Daisy, do not let her curse me again."

Gemma was standing beside me.

"Nay, Bicé," she gently said, bending down, "I too ask you not to leave us. I—his sister—bid you live."

Beatrice gazed at her with widely-opened eyes.

"You bid me live, Gemma? You forgive me?"

A sort of spasm contracted Gemma's face, but she answered steadily:

"I forgive you!"

The hopeless expression passed from Bicé's eyes; she fell back with a deep sigh, as if some heavy load had been lifted from her heart. Life seemed re-opened to her with Gemma's words. As we stood breathlessly watching her, her eyelids slowly closed, and she sank into a deep, restoring sleep.

I threw my arms in passionate gratitude round Gemma's neck.

"God bless you, Gemma! You have saved her!"

That night was the turning-point, and each succeeding day brought some slight improvement. I clung to my Bicé, scarcely able to leave her, in the joy of her being given back to me. Our rôles seemed reversed; it was I who watched over her and settled everything, while she leant upon me with a trusting confidence which I found inexpressibly sweet. Her long hair had been cut off during her illness, and short fair curls, soft and silky as a baby's, waved round her forehead, giving her almost a childlike appearance. She was still very weak, and the slightest movement would bring a flush of colour to her cheek. But the strained expression had vanished from her eyes, and they looked forth with an appealing sweetness, as though beseeching protection and kindness from those around her. My father hung over his restored treasure as if he could not make enough of her, and she laughingly declared she should be quite spoilt between us.

Meanwhile, Gemma, her services as nurse no longer needed, seemed to retreat into the background with considerate delicacy. Hugh had quite overcome his aversion for her, and confided to me that he thought he had been very much mistaken. She took upon herself the charge of his entertainment, and I was very glad to find him beginning to appreciate the friend to whom we owed a debt of gratitude that both my father and I felt we could never repay. For the doctor had declared that, humanly speaking, it was owing to her devoted nursing, that Bicé had recovered.

Yet one morning I was a little startled. I had not seen Hugh for some days, and when the servant came to announce his presence, I stopped Gemma, who was about to descend, and said I would go myself lest he should be hurt at my neglect. I thought I saw a slight look of vexation on Gemma's face, but it passed in an instant before I could be sure it had been there, and she took my place by Bicé.

As I entered the drawing-room, Hugh started forward eagerly.

"Ah! Gemma," he began, with outstretched hands—then perceiving it was I.

"Oh, it is you, Daisy," with an unmistakeable accent of disappointment.

"It is I," I replied, surprised and not flattered by his reception. "You don't seem very pleased to see me."

"Of course I am—delighted," he exclaimed hastily, trying

to assume an expression of satisfaction, but not succeeding very well. "How is Bicé this morning?"

"Much better," I answered happily, forgetting my cause of grievance. "She is longing to see you, Hugh, and," with the pleased importance of one who is communicating unexpected joyful tidings, "I really think you may to-morrow."

He scarcely looked so pleased as I expected.

"Don't you think it may excite her?" he said, hesitatingly. "Of course I shall be delighted, but we must think of her first."

"Well, if you care so little about it!" I exclaimed indignantly, turning towards the door. But he caught my hand and said eagerly:

"You misunderstand me, Daisy. I am only afraid the sight of a fresh face might agitate her."

I was only half mollified, and the interview left an unpleasant impression on my mind, in spite of my efforts to reason it away.

Yet the next morning as I wrapped Bicé in a soft white tea-gown, with delicate falling lace and rose-pink ribbons, she looked so lovely with the light of happy anticipation shining in her eyes and colouring her cheek, that I blamed myself for my suspicion. Could any one help loving her? Least of all the one whom she so dearly loved.

I looked up at him appealingly, as I opened her door. No, I would not believe that falsehood could hide beneath those frank-blue eyes.

"Do not let her tire herself, Hugh," I whispered, and left them together.

When I came back after he had gone, the light had faded out of Bicé's face, and she looked pale and tired. Throughout the afternoon she was absent and pre-occupied; and unusually silent. At last as it grew dusk, I was kneeling by her side, and she was playing abstractedly with my hair.

"Daisy," she said suddenly, with a little hesitation, "you will think me very absurd, but I feel as if Hugh did not love me so well as he used to."

"My darling, what an idea!" I exclaimed. "Why, he has been here every day, without missing, to hear how you were, and he wandered about looking perfectly wretched while you were so ill. It is your fancy."

"Perhaps," she answered doubtfully. "But this morning,

though he was very kind, he seemed to be thinking of something else. And he stayed such a short time."

"Because he was afraid of tiring you. Bicé, dear, you are not yourself. It is not like you to be so fanciful."

Thus I re-assured and comforted her, in spite of my own misgivings. It was no difficult task, for her own heart longed to believe me.

Yet as the days went by, and with returning strength she was allowed to leave her room, I saw a faint shadow settle on her brow, and grow gradually heavier. She did not speak to me again of what troubled her, but sometimes I saw her eyes follow Hugh with a questioning, imploring expression, as though asking what veil of constraint had fallen between them.

For he was not the same, and yet it was hard to say in what the change lay. He was constant in lover-like attentions; each day he brought some fresh trifle to please Bicé, a beautiful basket of fruit, lovely flowers, the last new book. But there was no life in it all; he seemed as if he were accomplishing a task that honour imposed on him.

I began to long for Gemma's departure. In my own mind I could not help connecting her with Hugh's altered behaviour, and I hoped that once she was gone all would be well again. Yet I could do nothing to hasten her going. My father would have been shocked and indignant at the vague suspicion that had taken root in my mind, and indeed at times I reproached myself with heinous ingratitude. But the seed had been sown, and I could not uproot it.

One morning I was standing in the dining-room, arranging the flowers on the table. I thought I heard voices in the next room, and with a sudden impulse I walked out on to the terrace, and with my hand on the handle of the drawing-room window was about to enter, when I stopped short, unable to move.

Before me stood Hugh, with Gemma's arms thrown around his neck, her eyes uplifted to his with a passionate, alluring expression. He was gazing at her as if fascinated.

"And can you leave me for that piece of ice?" she breathed in a voice so full of seductive sweetness that it seemed to thrill through the room.

His face was working with conflicting feeling; I could see him quivering at her touch; but honour and truth still struggled within him against the enchantment she had thrown over him.

"You love me!" she murmured, "my Hugh, my life, my soul, tell me that you love me!"

The power of resistance was growing fainter. I saw the lower-nature, the wild, passionate instinct mounting in his eyes. Closer she wound her arms round his neck, drew his head slowly down to hers, and their lips met in a mad, passionate kiss.

The spell was broken that chained me to the spot. I started forward—a slight sound arrested me. Looking across the room, I saw holding up the curtain that divided it from the study—Bicé!

She had seen everything, heard every word, with a stunned feeling that made her incapable of movement, till that kiss—when a faint moan, like a dumb animal stricken unto death, escaped her lips.

I rushed across the room and flung my arms around her with a desperate longing to shield her. But the guilty pair had started apart at the sound of that anguished sigh, and Hugh, his face full of bitter shame and remorse, was kneeling at Bicé's feet.

"Forgive me! Oh, Bicé, forgive me!"

She put me gently aside, and laid her hand on his fair head, bowed down in unavailing repentance.

"You love her, Hugh?" she murmured, in faint but steady accents.

He could not deny it.

"Be happy with her."

With one last lingering look of love, pure and unselfish as that of an angel, she turned to leave the room, but her strength failed her. She put out her hands blindly, tottered, and fell senseless into my arms.

Hugh sprang forward to assist me, but I pushed him away indignantly.

"No!" I exclaimed, laying her tenderly on the sofa. "You are not worthy to touch her. And you, false traitress," facing Gemma with flashing eyes, "begone! Do not stay here to gloat over the misery you have caused!"

I must have looked dangerous, for Gemma cowered before me.

"How had you the heart?" I went on. "What had she done to you? She loved you, she trusted you, though I warned her against you. And this is your return!"

"She caused my brother's death," muttered Gemma sullenly.

"And this is your revenge? Hugh Barrington," I cried, "though you have broken my sister's heart, I pity you. You will be more punished than even I could wish you in that woman!"

I turned away to my darling, who, like a broken lily, her fair, golden head drooping forward, lay still and unconscious. I heard them leave the room, and then, no longer kept up by pride, I broke into passionate crying.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" I sobbed, my tears raining down on her face. "Is it always the sweetest and the best who must suffer in this world? Will the wicked always triumph?"

PART IV.

BICÉ awoke from that death-like swoon to take up with patient courage the burden of her saddened life. When my father came home in the afternoon she asked to see him alone. What passed in that long interview I never knew, but he came out with tears in his eyes, and I guessed she had been pleading with him to pardon her faithless lover. His name never passed our lips, yet could we help its being constantly in our thoughts? Every object around brought remembrance of him who had been for weeks so intimate a portion of our lives.

She took up again each household duty with fresh exactness, silencing me one day when I would have implored her not to tire herself by the words:

"It does me good, Daisy. It keeps me from thinking."

It was the first reference she had made to what had passed.

Yet though she strove to be cheerful for our sake, and to dispel the gloom that hung over the house, so bright but a few short weeks ago, it was a weary effort, and when night came I caught at times a look of relief on her face that another day was over. My heart ached as I heard her step, so light once, now slow and listless; and as the days went by I began to notice that a slight cough troubled her. She stopped at times, put her hand to her side with an expression of pain, while a vivid colour flushed her face. I anxiously asked her if she felt ill, but she answered carelessly that it was only a slight cold and would pass away.

One night, one painful night, I remember. We had taken to sitting in my father's study in the evening. Bicé had proposed it, and I guessed that the room in which she had passed so many happy hours with Hugh was unbearable to her with its torturing associations. The little study faced the street, but was divided from it by a narrow strip of garden shut in by great brazen gates. Thus the stone balcony which ran along it was as quiet, as secluded from the view of passers-by as any one could wish.

The night was oppressively warm; I felt smothered in the little room and persuaded Beatrice to come out on the balcony. There was not a breath of wind, and the stars in countless numbers strewed the cloudless sky.

A window was thrown open a little further down; we heard the sound of a piano, a short prelude, then the rich passionate tones of a man's baritone voice floated down the silent street. Bicé shuddered; it was the song that Hugh had asked her to sing that night that seemed so long ago. I listened breathlessly to the words, not daring to look at my sister.

Ah! love, the night that first we met
Our happy hearts shall ne'er forget!
Methought I but half lived before,
While yet I knew thee not. I saw
A richer fuller half arise,
Awake to life in thy sweet eyes.
Dear love, that night when first we met,
God grant our hearts may ne'er forget!

What cruel irony it seemed! At length I ventured to steal a glance at Beatrice. She was weeping bitterly, the heavy silent tears streaming through the slender fingers with which she had covered her face. My heart was wrung with grief and pity.

"Oh, Bicé, Bicé, my own, my darling! Do not grieve so! He is not worth the love of a heart like yours. Oh, let us comfort you!"

She lifted up a face so sad, so weary!

"Oh, Daisy!" she murmured, "my heart is broken. It is too much to bear. The waters have gone over my head."

She had never before spoken so hopelessly. All these days she had been bearing up for our sakes. Now at last she had broken down.

I was silent—stricken dumb. What could I say to comfort such grief as this? I could only pray for her, and if ever a

voiceless prayer went up with truth and earnestness to the throne of God it was from my heart that night.

We both, by silent consent, shunned the places of public resort, and every afternoon the little pony-carriage came round, and Bicé went out for long drives in the country, when the healing influence of nature seemed to lighten a little the heavy load that weighed on her spirits. My father generally accompanied her, and the tender bond of affection between them seemed to be drawn still closer in those long hours of quiet companionship.

In the midst of the balmy spring weather came three days of high, piercing wind—the Tramontana in its coldest and severest form, blowing from the snow-capped Appenines. The old withered away beneath its chilling breath; the sick, whose chance of recovery, anxiously watched, was trembling in the balance, took a turn for the worse and rapidly sank.

Yet the sun shone so brightly, the sky was so blue, that in our sheltered street we scarcely noticed it, and Bicé prepared as usual for her drive. I was to be her companion that day, for my father was kept at home by an important engagement.

I wrapped the rug warmly round her, took the reins, and we started at a brisk trot through the narrow streets. As we came out into the open country an icy gust of wind blew into our faces.

"Oh, Bicé, it is too cold for you!" I exclaimed anxiously.

"No, no; it does me good, Daisy. I feel smothered in the town."

Indeed her cheeks were burning, and she seemed to breathe with an effort.

"Are you sure you are warmly wrapped up?" I persisted.

"Quite sure," she answered, half impatiently.

So we drove on, but at last even my healthy young blood grew chilled by the piercing blast, and I refused to go any further. Bicé gave in, and indeed, as we returned, the hot flush had faded from her face and she began to shiver. She coughed once or twice with the hard sound I had noticed already, and each time she put her hand unconsciously to her side.

The road seemed interminably long; I spurred on the little pony, and at last we drew up before our door. I hurried Bicé in. She dropped into a chair, and a violent fit of coughing came on. She sank back exhausted, put her handkerchief to

her mouth, and to my horror I saw it covered with blood. She had broken a blood-vessel.

We carried her to the bed she was never to leave again. All that the greatest skill, the most devoted care could do was lavished on her, but from the first a heavy foreboding weighed upon our hearts. And at last dawned the morning when in broken accents the kind-hearted doctor told us that our Bicé's days, almost her very hours, were numbered.

"If she cared to live there might still be hope. She is so young. But the spring of life is broken."

Ah! yes; it was not the cutting wind that had stricken her down. The blow that had broken her heart had cut the thread of her days, and Bicé lay dying by the hands of those whom she had loved and trusted.

Could it be true? I wondered drearily, looking out at the fair scene we had so often gazed at together. Oh, how could the flowers bloom so brightly, the birds carol so gaily, when Bicé was passing away!

Slowly I mounted the stairs and entered her room. She was sleeping—the slumber of exhaustion. From time to time the hard, hollow cough shook her frame and made her move uneasily, but without awaking her. I sat down beside her; with a dull, aching pain I noted the ravages wrought by the past days of suffering—the sunken cheeks, the blue-veined temples, over which her hair hung damp and straight with cold perspirations.

The maid came softly into the room and whispered:

"A lady wishes to see you, Miss Daisy."

"I cannot see any one, Markham. I told you to say so."

"I did, miss, but she begged me to ask you. She said it would be an act of charity."

A wild fancy shot across my mind, to be dismissed as utterly improbable.

"Some begging petition, probably," I wearily said, rising however. "But *she* would not have refused to hear it. Stay with her till I come back, Markham."

"Indeed I will, my dear young lady."

A tall veiled figure in a loose cloak was standing by the window in the drawing-room. She turned as I entered and moved towards me. But though her face was hidden I could not mistake her walk. It was Gemma!

Without a word I turned to leave the room, but she was too

quick for me, and before I could reach the door had flung herself in front of it.

"Let me pass," I said in a steady tone of disgust, averting my eyes from her false face.

"Daisy, let me speak to you!" she implored, flinging back her veil and showing me her face stained and swollen with crying. "You think I am happy and triumphant. I am utterly wretched."

"You deserve to be," I curtly answered.

"They tell me that Bicé is dying——," she began, but I fiercely interrupted her.

"Do not dare to take her name on your lips! You have killed her! Are you not satisfied? Why do you come here to insult those who love her?"

"Not to insult them, Daisy," kneeling at my feet. "To implore forgiveness."

"No!" I exclaimed, turning away my head. "You have deceived me once. You cannot again."

"Ah, Daisy, be merciful! If you knew how my life is poisoned, how the thought of my wrong to Bicé hangs over it like a curse, you would pity me. Hear me. I will confess all to you."

She paused as if to gather courage—then went on.

"When the dead body of my Carlo lay at my feet," a convulsive shudder distorted her face, but she continued, "I swore to avenge him. I vowed that she should taste the same anguish which she had caused him to suffer. Then I heard that she was ill—dying. I feared she would slip through my fingers before I had accomplished my oath."

"And it was for this you nursed her so devotedly!" I exclaimed, shrinking back horror struck.

"I was mad—possessed by an evil spirit. At times when I heard her agonized wanderings my heart would relent, but Carlo's bleeding form seemed to rise before me demanding vengeance, and I steeled myself anew. Yet when she asked me if I forgave her, my lips almost refused to utter the perjuring words, and I felt like a Judas when you kissed me. Well, I had won your confidence and your love. You, poor blinded child, helped me to complete my purpose. In your love for Bicé you could not bear to leave her, and day after day I was sent down by you to keep Hugh Barrington company. It was hard work at first to conquer his instinctive aversion, but at length I saw

my efforts succeeding. I had meant at first to win his love and fling it scornfully away, but ah! when I had stolen Hugh's heart I found I had lost my own."

She paused, drawing a deep breath.

"Well," I said bitterly, "you succeeded. You outwitted easily my childish inexperience. You have gained all that you worked for. What more do you want?"

"It has turned to dust and ashes. I tremble with the fear that I shall lose his love as I have robbed another of it. Ah, Daisy, you do not know how insecure is the love that is not built on respect. He loves me with a mad passion almost in spite of himself, but the memory of the past haunts him continually. I see his brow cloud over and his face grow sombre, and I know he is thinking of Bicé. If some day the fascination in which I hold him fails, what will be left? And I, oh gracious Heaven, how I love him! More than my life, more than my own soul!"

"Hush, Gemma!" I cried, shocked and horrified. "Do not tempt Heaven!"

A wild lurid smile like a streak of light on a thunderous sky flitted across her face.

"Happy child!" she exclaimed. "You cannot understand these stormy passions that sweep across the soul like a destroying tempest."

She sank into silence, and I, comparing her state with hers whom she had so cruelly wronged, was forced to own to myself that in spite of all she had suffered, my injured sister was far more to be envied than her triumphant rival.

Gemma broke the silence at last.

"Daisy," she said humbly, "you ask me what I come for. I scarcely dare to ask it, yet my life will be unendurable without it."

"What is it?" I asked unwillingly.

"Let me see Bicé and ask her forgiveness."

"No! Never!" I exclaimed, thoroughly roused. "Why, do you know that her life hangs on a thread? that the slightest agitation may kill her? And you ask me to bring you, the destroyer of her happiness, into her presence!"

"Then ask it for me, Daisy," she entreated. "Tell her how wretched I am, how bitterly I repent. Ask her by the memory of the old days when we loved one another. Ah, Daisy, you are young, you do not know what temptation is. Be pitiful!"

She was at my feet, clinging to my hands, in spite of my struggle to release them. I felt my heart relenting.

A knock at the door.

"Miss Daisy," said Markham, entering, "Miss Randolph wishes to see the Contessina Donati."

I stood petrified.

"How does she know?" I ejaculated at last.

"She woke and asked for you, miss. I told her a lady had asked you, as an act of charity, to see her. 'It is Gemma Donati!' she said. 'Tell Daisy to bring her here.'"

"You have your wish," I said, turning to Gemma. "At least let me ask you not to agitate her."

For the last time they met—the wronger and the wronged. Yet with whom seemed the victory as Gemma, her frame shaken with stifled sobs, fell on her knees by the bedside, her whole attitude expressing the deepest abasement, before her dying victim? The hand of approaching death was laid already on Bicé's brow, but with a tender touch that robbed it of its horror. As the frail body wasted away, the spirit within shone forth more brightly, and an unearthly beauty dwelt on those spiritualized ethereal features. Sorrow had left its trace on the tender mouth, but a chastened sweetness in the gentle smile told that through suffering and sorrow a peace had been won that no earthly trouble could shake again.

She laid her transparent hand on Gemma's.

"Gemma," she murmured, "death is drawing very near to me. Let me leave this life in charity with all. We have wronged one another—yes," as Gemma would have protested vehemently, "I have wronged you deeply, though God knows most involuntarily. Let us forgive one another as we hope to be forgiven."

She opened her arms. Gemma's tears burst forth so violently as she returned convulsively that forgiving embrace that I had to draw her away, fearful of the consequences for Bicé.

I led her from the room in uncontrollable agitation. As I closed the door she turned to me.

"Oh, Daisy, she is an angel! This world was not fit for her. May God forgive me!"

And covering her face with her veil she hurriedly left me.

The end is drawing near; with tear-filled eyes the old priest

has left her, after hearing the last avowal of faults which only she can see. He goes to bring her the Divine Friend who will lead her through that last short passage that divides her from her heavenly home.

Lo! He comes, King of Angels and of men, borne in the hands of His trembling creature. The silken canopy waves overhead, the sweet censer swings before, hymns of praise and worship swell upon the air. And as He passes down the street each knee is bent, each head is bowed, in reverent adoration. Windows are thrown open and fill with eager gazers, not in idle curiosity, but because, as in the days of old, Jesus of Nazareth is passing by, and they too would ask His blessing.

Within Bicé's room stands the little altar, hastily prepared for the reception of "The Most Holy One," as the beautiful Italian saying is. With tear-dimmed eyes I had adorned it with the fairest flowers, and lighted the waxen tapers.

And now I hear the tinkling of the bell drawing nearer, the sweet scent of the incense floats into the room, and the voices of priest and people blend in the glorious hymn:

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of His Flesh the mystery sing;
Of the Blood, all price exceeding,
Shed by our immortal King.

They mount the stairs: I hear the tread of many footsteps moving in solemn procession, for any devout passer-by may join in to swell the escort of his Lord. At the door of the room they pause and fall on their knees, as the priest enters alone. I hear the low murmur of their prayers, see through the half-opened door their faces full of faith and devotion.

The Sacred Host is laid on the altar; in a few solemn words the aged priest bids us prepare to welcome the Lord of Life, the pledge of our immortality. He moves towards Bicé who, half-raised on her pillows, her hands clasped and her eyes uplifted in ecstatic love, receives her Heavenly Guest. Then he turns towards my father and myself.

A great peace fell upon my soul as Christ, the Prince of Peace, entered my heart. The storm of human bitterness and rebellion was hushed, "and there came a great calm." A heavenly light shone down on the cruel past, and I felt that earthly wrong and trouble had been powerless to hurt the soul of my darling. God, the great Comforter, was calling His child to Himself, where "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

A pitying forgiveness stole into my heart for those who had wronged her, and in that solemn hour I prayed God to bless and pardon them.

At length I raised my head and looked at Bicé. The light of another life seemed shining on her brow; a look of radiant peace and sweetness beamed from her eyes. She seemed to be only hovering on the borders of this world. Yet I felt no sorrow in that moment; the pain of parting seemed lost in the faith of an eternal re-union, when the Lord who had descended into our hearts that morning would give us back to one another, and there should be no parting more.

"Kiss me once more, my Daisy, my sweetest comfort!" she murmured, stretching forth her arms.

I know not how long I remained enfolded in the clinging sweetness of that last embrace, but suddenly I felt her arms grow heavy, and with a frightened feeling I called my father. He gently disengaged her encircling arms, and laid her back on the pillows. Once more her blue eyes opened and rested on him with a look of ineffable tenderness, then closed for ever.

And so our Bice's sweet pure life passed away. The world had been very hard to her. Within a few months, betrayed by her friend, forsaken by her lover, the innocent cause of a madman's self-destruction. Yet deeply as she had suffered—even unto death—despair and bitterness had never sullied her heart. She had "fought the good fight," and surely for her was "laid up a crown of justice."

THE END.

EDITH STANIFORTH.

Reviews.

I.—A NEW EDITION OF THE SUMMA OF ST. THOMAS.¹

A NEW edition of St. Thomas is always a welcome sight, and especially so beautiful an one as that which M. Lethielleux has just issued. To begin with the external characteristics, the type is perfect, the paper good, and the volumes sufficiently large without being clumsy. The Editor has adopted the plan, not unknown in America, but a novelty in European editions of theological works, of printing in larger type the leading sentences, which in this case are in each article the answer of the Saint to the question proposed. This is a most convenient system, especially where time presses, or the student is not quick to catch at once the drift of the argument. On the other hand, the conclusions which we find interpolated in some editions from Augustinus Hunnæus are, we think, wisely omitted as unnecessary and likely to mislead the reader into the notion that they are the work of St. Thomas himself.

Another excellent characteristic of the present edition are the very useful notes. The most important passages of Holy Scripture bearing on the question under discussion are indicated, and what is perhaps still more useful, the definitions of the Church treating of the subject. Besides this, references are given to other parts of St. Thomas where the same matter is more fully dealt with, and to the principal theologians, both ancient and modern, who have discussed it. Sometimes a little summary is given of points which help the student to grasp the meaning of the text, but always with the greatest caution to avoid any matters of dispute between different theological schools. The reference to passages in Suarez, Petavius, and to the modern theologians, such as Jungmann, Franzelin, Mazzella,

¹ S. Thomæ Aquinatis, O.P., *Summa Theologica*, a quibusdam scholæ S. Thomæ discipulis editio Eminentissimo Cardinali J. Pecci oblata. Tomus i. Parisiis: P. Lethielleux, 4, Rue de Cassette, et Rue de Rennes, 75.

will prove a great recommendation, and will save the student many an hour of weary and profitless research.

The Editors tell us that the best existing texts have been carefully collated. They do not enter on the question which has never been fully laid to rest, whether the text we possess has not been a good deal modified since the days of its author. Bellarmine is the first who raises a difficulty on the subject, and subsequent critics have gone still further. One of them, Petrus de Alva, goes to the length of denying that the *Summa* was the work of St. Thomas at all, and Launoy, the Gallican Doctor of Paris, who loved to employ his corroding genius in discovering the weak points, real or imaginary, of what the world generally believed to be authentic, finds a number of ingenious reasons for doubting its genuineness. But he received his quietus from the Dominican, Natalis Alexander, and the sceptical theory is now quite out of date. At the same time, we believe there is some ground for believing that here and there interpolations have crept in, and some modern critics assert that the true doctrine of St. Thomas respecting the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady is not that which certain passages in his works seem to indicate. But to enter on this thorny question was outside of the field of labour of the Editors of the present edition, who have simply made use of the texts commonly received as of the greatest authority. We cannot do better in conclusion than remind our readers of the words of our Holy Father in a recent brief addressed to Mgr. Satolli, words which we hope that every theological professor in the world will take to heart and obey—

It is our will that teachers of sacred theology should ever keep open upon their desks before them, after the example of the Fathers of Trent, the *Summa* of St. Thomas, from which they may derive immediate counsel, argument and theological conclusions. For such schools as these the Church may well hope for the growth of valiant soldiers who will be vigorous for the overthrow of error and the defence of Catholic truth.

Such an edition as the one just issued by M. Lethielleux will very much facilitate the study of the doctrine of St. Thomas. It is dedicated to Cardinal Pecci, who shares the devotion of his still more illustrious brother to the teaching of the Angelic Doctor.

2.—THE GREAT MEANS OF SALVATION AND OF PERFECTION :
PRAYER.¹

We have already had occasion to speak in high terms of the centenary edition of the works of St. Alphonsus, and perhaps no volume in the series will be found more generally useful than the one on Prayer. Treating his subject in a familiar way which makes it agreeable reading, this master of the great theme which he is handling so contrives to support his views and arguments with extracts from the Fathers and high authorities, that we find our easy reading has lead us through a very solid and well-planned theological treatise.

What we often want, and often want in vain, in books on Prayer, is sufficient explanations and details, on matters which writers seem to consider too elementary to need any remark, and yet for want of the elementary knowledge time is often consumed without much result, or with the very unsatisfactory one of discouragement. St. Alphonsus goes into details, he speaks to our common sense, and he writes encouragingly, giving us the benefit of his wide experience as to the best means of meeting, or disregarding, the difficulties experienced by those who try to pray. Every page gives us much solid information, and the clearness which characterizes his writing is well exemplified by his remarks on the various forms of prayer mentioned by St. Paul :

The Apostle writes to Timothy, *I beseech, therefore, that first of all supplications, petitions, and thanksgivings be made.* St. Thomas explains that prayer is properly the lifting up of the soul to God. *Petition* is that kind of prayer which begs for determinate objects—when the thing sought is indeterminate (as when we say “Incline unto my aid, O God !”) it is called *Supplication*. *Obsecration* is a solemn adjuration, or representation of the grounds on which we dare to ask a favour, as when we say, “By Thy Cross and Passion, O Lord, deliver us !”

In the Appendix there is much good counsel on the choice of a state of life, useful for those who seek as well as for those who have to give advice, which adds to the utility of a volume which is a very welcome addition to our scanty stock of ascetical works in English.

¹ *The Great Means of Salvation and of Perfection : Prayer.*—By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm. New York : Benziger Brothers, 1886.

3.—THE NEW ENGLISH.¹

It would not be too much to say that, with the exception of Professor Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary* and the colossal undertaking now slowly progressing under the auspices of Dr. Murray, the work before us is the most important contribution which has been made of late years to the philology of English speech. Taking these two volumes in conjunction with a still more bulky predecessor on *The Old and Middle English*, which we reviewed in THE MONTH some seven or eight years back, it may be said that we now possess for the first time a scientific history of the English language—of the English language, that is, as distinct from a history of English literature. Whatever may be thought of the execution of the present work, it certainly fills an acknowledged want, and sets before us the results of an accurate and most laborious study of our ancient texts. We may congratulate ourselves, not without some little feeling of surprise, that it is an English and not a German name that stands on the title-page of these volumes. The extent to which we are indebted to foreign students like Stratmann, Mätzner, Schmidt, and many more, for a knowledge of our own language, has long been a standing reproach to English scholarship. The reproach would soon be wiped away if two or three more of our leading philologists would only imitate the example set them in the *New English*.

The plan of Mr. Oliphant's work is simple in the extreme. Beginning in the volumes before us with the early part of the fourteenth century, he takes the works of our more celebrated writers one after another in chronological order. In each case, after a few general remarks upon peculiarities of language, dialect, &c., he chronicles the new words and idioms which the work before him presents, page by page; and with a brief comment or a specimen or two, passes on to the next. Here and there may be found a piece of continuous description dealing with the characteristics of a period, or again a few notes on pronunciation, or an occasional onslaught on the English style of Mr. Oliphant's *bête noire*, the Victorian penny-a-liner. However, let no incautious student of our literature look here for light reading. Nine-tenths of the book deal necessarily with a series of minute and disconnected details, with the result, it

¹ *The New English*. By T. L. Kington Oliphant. Two volumes. London: Macmillan, 1886.

must be confessed, for the learner who aspires to work his way straight through, that the work presents much the same kind of interest as might be derived from a continuous perusal of Johnson's dictionary. However, the matter being in itself valuable, we must not quarrel too readily with the form in which it is set before us. There is, at any rate, a full index, which occupies more than half of the second volume, and though the principle of arrangement seems rather arbitrary—why, we may ask in passing, should the phrase *know which way the wind blows* be given under *know*, and *know which side his bread is buttered* be found under *side*?—it seems to contain a reference somewhere or other to nearly everything in the body of the work.

By far the most interesting feature of these volumes is the information they supply on the idiomatic and proverbial phrases of the language. No branch of English philology is more full of instruction, and there is none at the same time which has been more uniformly neglected. Even the great dictionary of the Philological Society in this respect leaves much to be desired. Many of these phrases must remain unsolved problems to us to the end, and it is often useless to inquire into reasons, to ask, for instance, why we say *he gave him a bit of his mind* and not *a bit of his tongue*, to wonder why we talk of *striking up an acquaintance* and not of *knocking up* or *hitting up*, and so forth. But we may often profitably ask whence these phrases have come to us, and how long they have existed in our language; and with regard to the latter of these questions at least, Mr. Oliphant does much to satisfy our curiosity. Very striking is it to find in his pages that many familiar expressions which to us sound almost like modern slang have so old a pedigree. *Dead as a door nail*, *let things slide*, *wet his whistle*, *cursedness* of temper (the American *cussedness*), date from the middle of the fourteenth century; *telling tales out of school*, *a hair of the dog that bit you* (of drinking), *half seas over*, and innumerable others, are all found before the time of Shakspeare. Through such idioms as these Mr. Oliphant patiently plods his way, and for our writers before the middle of the sixteenth century we fancy he allows very little that is new or noteworthy to escape him. From the Elizabethan period onwards the field becomes too vast, and his faults of omission must needs be many.

We hope that Mr. Oliphant will not think us blind to the

merits of his book if we say that while it presents us with the results of much careful and valuable work, it is also in some respects provokingly disappointing. Many of those things for which we should be most disposed to consult a work of the kind, seem to be precisely those of which he takes no account. In the first place, there is no attempt made to trace the *origin* of the new idioms and phrases whose first appearance is recorded. Of course the task of identification is often difficult, in some cases impossible; but it is only by tracking these phrases, the phrases much more than the individual words, to their sources, that we can hope to gain an idea of the prodigious influence which external literature, Latin, French, Italian, &c., has exercised upon the speech of high and low alike. We believe it would not be too much to say that half the idiomatic phrases which find a place in the index to these volumes are not purely native, but have been translated or adapted from some foreign original. Yet Mr. Oliphant notes hardly anything of this. It would take but little space, when he records the introduction of such expressions as *to go against the grain*, *to hold good*, *to look a gift horse in the mouth*, *out of the frying-pan into the fire*, &c., to point out that these have come to us from the French. Even if no attempt were made to deal with all, a few days' work with Cotgrave, or, among modern works, with Hazlitt's *Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*, would throw light upon the history of not a few. Again, it is scarcely possible to read much of the literature of the period without stumbling across isolated instances which betray the origin of some at least of our imported idioms. Mr. Oliphant finds the phrase *in cold blood*, for example, in Butler's *Hudibras*. Now it is interesting to note that Father Parsons, or the author of the *Book of Titles* (1594), tells us of certain officers "killed a *sangue freddo* as the Italian sayeth," a reference which seems to determine the source of the phrase conclusively, and which disposes of the suggested connexion with the French *sang froid* or *sens froid*. So again it is interesting to meet, in a controversial tract of 1564, with the Latin citation "*Exceptio confirmat regulam*, as the lawyers say," a maxim which must surely be the original of our saying, *the exception proves the rule*, and which seems to throw considerable doubt upon Professor Skeat's confident assertion that the word *prove* here only means to test. Illustrations of this sort seem to us of more value than Mr. Oliphant's record of the first appearance of words, a record which after all must confessedly be incomplete and unreliable.

If Dr. Murray's Dictionary, with all the apparatus that it commands, cannot be depended upon for this—and we have ourselves often found it at fault—no private efforts can hope to meet with more than a very partial success. Naturally enough there are almost as many common phrases omitted as included in Mr. Oliphant's collection, large though it may seem (we need only mention such instances as *it is no use crying over spilt milk*, *he couldn't say bo to a goose*, *there was no love lost between them*, the exclamation *man alive!* &c.); and for many of the phrases given it is easy enough to quote in other works instances fifty or a hundred years earlier than Mr. Oliphant's. Thus, *love me*, *love my dog*, is in the *Ordinary of Christen Men*, 1502; *one foot in the grave* occurs in *Purchas*, 1611; the phrase *curtain-lecture* in the *Herba Parietis*, 1649. It would be easy to make a long list. We mention these because they are the first we have happened to come across them.

A second point in which Mr. Oliphant disappoints us also is in his treatment of the idioms of construction and of syntax. These, affecting as they do the very principles of grammar, should surely hold a more important place in the history of our language than the occurrence of individual words. Yet Mr. Oliphant's treatment of such matter is often most cursory, and the information he gives can only be hunted out from where it is imbedded in a mass of other material by a diligent use of the index. To take a single instance only, for our space is limited. No idiom is more distinctive of our modern English than the use as a conjunction of the phrase *in order to*. It is now often to be met with half a dozen times in a page, yet it was not known to Shakspeare, and seems only to have become at all common towards the beginning of the last century. Mr. Oliphant just mentions it, but tells us nothing more. If we are not much mistaken, the phrase has arisen from the old scholastic term *in ordine ad*, which was long retained in the Latin disputations of the Universities. In the seventeenth century it was used with a substantive or its equivalent, *in order to this result*, or *in order thereto*; in the last century the verbal noun was commonly joined to it, as *in order to the procuring of these troops*; and finally in more modern times it came to be followed by the gerundial infinitive, as we now use it.

Mr. Oliphant in his Preface deprecates criticism of the selection of authors which he has studied in preparing his present work. But while we sympathize with him in the diffi-

culty of meeting the views of all his readers, we cannot help regretting that he has excluded from his list Swift's *Polite Conversation*, a treatise which he alludes to indeed, but appears to have made no use of. Small as the work is, it is a perfect mine of every-day phrases and proverbs, precisely the material which it seems to have been Mr. Oliphant's chief object to accumulate.

To protest against our author's extravagant Teutonic purism is probably useless. He is no less enthusiastic now as an apostle of pure Saxon than he was twelve years ago, and he seems to have been accumulating materials during the interval for a fresh onslaught on our newspaper writers. As a conclusion to this notice we may quote a short passage from his last chapter, with which it is difficult not to feel some sympathy.

If a criminal be seized on his way to Dover, he is at once described as *en route to*, &c. ; why this dead set should be made at the harmless *on the way to* is a puzzle. Why should the old *abode*, *stamp*, *slang*, *actress*, *denial*, *frequenter*, *idler*, *mishap*, *guest*, be utterly abrogated in favour of *habitat*, *cachet*, *argot*, *artiste*, *démenti*, *habitué*, *flâneur*, *contre-temps*, *invité*? It has lately been discovered that *sea-sickness* and *honeymoon* are very vulgar in their English dress ; so *all the same* must appear as *quand même*. I give in one sentence some of the latest antics of the Victorian penny-a-liner. "The *revanche* commences to be a *quantité négligeable* ; but I fail to see that this new departure in *haute politique* is a factor that commends itself to the public." One of the latest freaks of these queer beings is to substitute *littoral* for *coast*, a most classic word. . . . May one ask why *arrière pensée*, *rapprochement*, *fait accompli*, *aperçu*, *entente*, *repertoire*, *insouciance*, *vraisemblance*, *parlementaire* cannot be turned into English?

4.—CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.¹

*Christian Marriage*¹ is the latest of Father Humphrey's very useful treatises in English theology. The writer's method and style is too well known to our readers to require any lengthened description. He has chosen, and to our way of thinking, happily chosen, the positive, in preference to the polemical, method of presenting Catholic theology to English readers. Thus, we have in the little volume before us a plain and straightforward statement of the Church's teaching with respect to marriage and the Christian family, and in so highly

¹ *Christian Marriage*. By the Rev. William Humphrey, S.J. London : Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., 1886.

concentrated a form, that almost every sentence is a conclusion of Catholic theology or philosophy. Nor can it be said that such plain statement is unnecessary in these days, in which a lecturer at one of the Universities could state that "The Mediæval Reformers insisted on celibacy as a duty, and condemned marriage as little better, if any better, than fornication."² Indeed, it is not too much to say, that the bulk of English opposition to Catholic truth is founded in such like misstatements and misrepresentations, which, in mass, form what Cardinal Newman has called "the great Protestant tradition ;" and that half our battle with English Protestantism would be won, could we but make ourselves known. How greatly the increased circulation of such little books as the one before us, must help to this desirable consummation ought to be manifest to Catholics, without any attempt at demonstration on our part. Accordingly, we hope that *Christian Marriage* may have a success, in some measure, commensurate with the enormous importance of the subject of which it treats, and the ability and fidelity which is characteristic of the author. Father Humphrey almost invariably confines himself, in these treatises, to the statement of truths which are either of faith, or at least, are commonly accepted as certain by all Catholic theologians ; but we note one exception in the present work, when (p. 52) he asserts the comparatively modern "patriarchal theory" of the origin of civil government ; the opposite theory, however, is supported by at least as respectable a show of authority.³

5.—IN THE LIGHT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.¹

We do not know how, precisely, to designate this thoughtful little work. Its general plan, however, may be easily described.

The hero falls asleep after a hearty dinner in the year 1885 and wakes up in 1960. He discovers himself at a dinner party which is followed by a ball in London, and in various conversations with the guests he elicits descriptions of some of the chief characteristics of the society of that day.

Government has advanced steadily on socialistic lines, innumerable institutions for prying into people's private affairs

² *Hulsean Lectures of 1885*, p. 66.

³ Suarez, *De Legibus*, l. 3. c. 2. n. 3.

¹ *In the Light of the Twentieth Century*. By Innominatus. London: John Hodges, 1886.

have been created, the land has been nationalized, the State has appropriated pretty nearly everything that it could lay hands upon, private charity has been made penal, and the fullest facilities for divorce are afforded. The practical working of all these measures does not result in the unmixed blessings anticipated by our socialistic doctrinaires. We must say that the ideas suggested on these subjects are some of the most attractive points in the book, and our chief regret is that the author has not dwelt on them at greater length.

Another important feature in the work is the exposition in dialogue form of the leading philosophical proofs of the existence of God, of the simplicity and immortality of the soul, &c. The reasoning is thoroughly Thomistic and many of the illustrations are neat adaptations of examples given in the *Summa*. The treatment of these arguments is a good specimen of skilful handling of some of the most difficult questions in the Scholastic Philosophy. The language is admirably chosen and the explanations are clear.

If there is any point which we would prefer otherwise, it is the selection of ladies as partners in the philosophical dialogues. It would undoubtedly be hazardous to venture on a statement of the occupations from which women will be excluded next century, or to attempt to define the limits of the mental powers of the weaker sex by the year 1960, but the facility with which the abstract reasoning of St. Thomas regarding the necessity of the Divine Existence is apprehended by a fair auditor makes us feel a little envious of the intellectual endowments of our great-grand-daughters.

The remarks on Protection in chapter vii., though containing some very sound ethical principles, would scarcely be allowed by the free-trader to be a fair treatment of the question.

Viewing the book as a whole, it impresses us as very suggestive, and it ought to have a sobering effect on optimistic admirers of our social progress.

6.—FATHER LEHMKUHL'S MORAL THEOLOGY.¹

The publication of Father Lehmkuhl's work in two volumes was received with the greatest favour by all Catholic schools, and reached rapidly its third edition. Everyone felt that the

¹ *Compendium Theologiæ Moralis*, auctore Augustino Lehmkuhl, Societatis Jesu Sacerdote. Friburgi Brisgoviae, 1886.

learned Jesuit theologian had produced a work of eminent usefulness, and at the same time of real scientific value. Every proposition in his *Moral Theology* is supported with clear, concise, solid arguments; all the more recent decisions of the Sacred Congregations are given side by side with the older views of theologians, whilst nothing of importance in pastoral theology and canon law which is at all connected with moral theology proper or the work of the Sacred Ministry has been omitted. Such a book is invaluable, but its bulk and fulness might have proved rather a hindrance than a help to beginners who, at first, require a shorter and simpler *exposé* of the fundamental doctrines and most approved decisions. To meet this want, Father Lehmkuhl has published in the course of 1886 a Compendium of his Moral Theology which presents in one volume of moderate size and still more moderate price all the essential matter of his larger work, admirably condensed and resumed. This book, as Father Lehmkuhl tell us in the Preface, is chiefly intended for the use of students, but it is also admirably adapted to the wants of confessors who, absorbed by the cares of the Sacred Ministry, require such a *vade-mecum* for reference in doubtful cases, or for the verification of certain points of positive law which may easily be forgotten. The reader of this Compendium will also derive much advantage from the references that are constantly given in it to the larger work, especially for those more difficult questions which may require fuller elucidation. We feel convinced that this Compendium is destined to become of very general use among theological students; certainly its intrinsic merits no longer require to be established after the unanimous applause which greeted the appearance of the great and noble work of which it is a masterly abridgment.

7.—THE POET'S PRAISE.¹

The author of these verses has a kindly heart; and his sympathies are enlisted on the side of right. He has a sincere love for nature, and sees in her manifestations what St. Paul saw in them,—a message from God to men. He believes that the world and man without God are inexplicable. The following

¹ *The Poet's Praise.* By Henry Hamilton, Author of *America*, &c. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, The Knickerbocker Press, 1887.

lines will show at once Mr. Hamilton's style and his mode of thought.

When shall the poet come, whose thrilling song
Shall sound like voice of God on earth again,
And lift all hearts from selfish joy and pain
To that pure region where all souls belong ;
To faith and hope and love, with purpose strong
To do the right, nor seek a richer gain ;
To serve, be helpful, just, and so to reign,
Since they are more than kings, who war on wrong.

Mr. Hamilton is an American, as a glance through the book will show. An English sonneteer would scarcely have penned the following :

From whose pure ray the gloomy shadows flee
And to some little *bug* (!) the way will show.

Or again :

Corn, cattle, lands, and stocks they buy and sell :
By count of *dollars* worth of all things prove.

We doubt if the ideal Poet—if such there exist—will feel himself flattered with the somewhat promiscuous "Praise" addressed to him in this book. On page 73 we are told :

Not to his age does my sweet poet belong
But to all ages which old time has run ;
He is of all the heir, the glorious son,
And all the years to come shall hear his song.

But on page 141 the poet has to content himself if, when he is gone, his productions prove

A something which may keep him with his kind,
and his song attain to no greater dimensions than that of a little brook

Murmuring sweet music from its narrow bed.

We are sorry too, to hear that poets are, as a race, an ungenial lot, impractical, unamiable, unreal. Page 18 is weighty with solemn warning to the fair sex not to throw in their lot with any of the poetic clan.

O woman, let thy heart not cleave
To any poet's soul ;
For he the muse will never leave
But follow to life's goal,
But love him not, his love is woe ;
The genius at his side
Would prove for thee a fatal foe
Wert thou his wedded bride.

If the poet's love were not "woe" he himself would certainly be a most undesirable companion on other scores. Page 38 informs us that

The poet is a light and wingèd thing,
Borne on he knows not where,
Or dropping down on leafy bough to sing
Some rich melodious air.

This is somewhat startling; and perhaps renders the warning on page 18 not inappropriate. Moreover, should you object to have your ears thrilled by perpetual and unending strains, your entreaties will be unheeded:

Still will his words flow on in rhythmic throng,
Whatever you may say.

Interspersed with the "Praise" however, there are some criticisms, also in the form of verse, Athens, Baalbec; Nature, and the ideal Poet are the subjects of five sonnet-stanzas, which usher in other sonnet-stanzas, in which Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Dante, Byron, Keats, Victor Hugo, Longfellow, Goethe, and De Musset, are passed under review, and have sentence pronounced on them, and their place fixed among their literary compeers with an infallibility worthy of Macaulay himself. An example or two will suffice.

Thy swollen thought is poured in turgid stream,
Hugo, and like a rushing tide o'erflows
The wide extending shore.

Longfellow is not in favour:

Thy heart is gentle and thy voice is kind,
Thy spirit, Longfellow, is calm and pure
But lacking strength and the creative mind,
With mighty bards whose song can never die,
Thou mayst not have a place.

The volume is very neatly got up and well printed.

8.—LE PROTESTANTISME VU DE GENÈVE EN 1886.¹

The present period has been well and fairly chosen for a detailed and exhaustive review of the actually existing condition of Protestant beliefs in those countries where they have found most favour. Within the past three years Germany has held her commemoration of the birth of Luther, Switzerland has

¹ *Le Protestantisme Vu de Genève en 1886.* Paris: Librairie Plon, E. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie, Rue Garancière, 10.

celebrated that of Zwingli, Geneva has feted the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of her official proclamation of Calvinism, and France too has retraced the last two hundred years to do honour to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It is hopeless to expect that a Catholic writer will ever be accredited with impartiality or accuracy in his narrative of events or estimate of doctrines connected with Protestantism, yet he cannot but distinctly prefer it to the universal scepticism and advancing atheism of modern thought, and wish to do it all justice as some bulwark at least and breakwater against more serious evils still. In point of fact, he is far less given to confound intolerance of a creed with hatred against its professors personally, than is the Protestant in regard of Catholicism and the individual Catholic.

In his argument for the failure of Protestantism to stem the onward tide of unbelief, to maintain its original desire of departing as little as it deemed possible from former belief and tradition, or even to preserve its own first principles, the author of this historical criticism skilfully precludes a denial of the real facts by quoting the admissions of Protestants of acknowledged position and authority. Thus, in 1882, M. Chantre, Protestant Minister at Geneva, writes in the religious newspaper of his town :

Nos Églises s'apprêtent à célébrer demain la fête de la Réformation, et le retour de cette solennité nous suggère quelques réflexions. La première, c'est que, par un mouvement irrésistible, les doctrines qui furent proclamées au seizième siècle par nos ancêtres spirituels, comme la vérité, la vérité absolue, la vérité divine, s'en vont rapidement aujourd'hui. Il suffit de les nommer : la Trinité, l'Expiation, la Prédestination, etc., pour prouver qu'elles ne sont plus populaires, ni auprès des ecclésiastiques, ni auprès des laïques protestants. On nous racontait récemment l'étonnement naïf d'un pasteur calviniste, venu du fond de l'Allemagne à Genève, dans le but de s'épanouir en la société de ses pareils, et qui s'en est allé tout triste de n'avoir plus trouvé, même à Genève, un seul calviniste réellement calviniste.

Then giving still wider scope to his ingenuous confessions, M. Chantre continues :

Aujourd'hui, après le réveil qui semblait devoir leur donner une nouvelle vie, elles perdent rapidement, et le terrain regagné, et le terrain conservé. Tandis qu'une minorité du monde protestant, soit en Angleterre, soit en Allemagne, soit ailleurs, se rapproche à bien des égards des principes catholiques, la grande majorité des réformés (évangéliques

et libéraux) modifient, transforment, abandonnent, combattent même, les anciennes croyances de l'orthodoxie protestante.

But our undeclared author himself well deserves that his own sound words should be cited as telling forcibly against all those who build their hopes so confidently upon some Church according to their own views, to be developed in the future.

La religion n'est pas un calcul d'avenir, c'est un besoin du présent : il la faut au monde, non pas demain, non pas l'an prochain, mais aujourd'hui même.

And in the next place, what hope for Protestantism of better success in her supposed mission as time advances ?

Et pourtant le protestantisme se perpetue, malgré ce tourbillonnement de ses doctrines ; comme ces nuages que la tempête chasse dans les airs, il va et vient, obscurcissant toujours le ciel. C'est le combat des électricités contraires. C'est la dispersion sans limites. Il semble que Dieu veuille se venger visiblement de la révolte religieuse du seizième siècle, en permettant qu'elle dure dans une irrémédiable confusion ; il n'y a pas en effet de plus éclatant châtiment de l'orgueil humain, que d'être donné en spectacle d'impuissance sur le terrain même où il avait voulu dresser son triomphe. L'histoire n'offre qu'une analogie que l'on puisse rapprocher de l'existence du protestantisme, c'est celle du peuple juif.

M. Nippold, Professor of Theology at Berne, declares :

Le principe unique du protestantisme, le sol nourricier d'où sont issues toutes les Églises si diverses de la Réforme, n'est autre que le principe qui s'est formulé dans la protestation de Spire, savoir *le droit qu'a l'individu religieux de se déterminer lui-même.*

And as the natural outcome from this, a learned Protestant Professor of Montauban can only deplore with biting condemnation the hopeless division, the false and discordant union, the denial and suppression of essential doctrine, and the misuse of terms in every contradictory sense, all leading to the destruction of faith and charity.

While our author points to the national organization of Protestant churches and the strength of Protestant tradition as twin obstacles barring the return of separate nations to the faith of the Church, he refers his readers to the unwilling witness borne by M. Artié, Professor of Lausanne, to the manifold abuses of the Holy Scriptures. After devoting several chapters in succession to the questions of the reunion of Christendom

from different sides and according to divergent theories, he next passes on to a consideration in detail of the distinctive doctrines of the Church respecting Holy Eucharist, the Priesthood, Confession, and Indulgences. These subjects he concludes with a sketch of the necessary principles of the true Church and the true Faith, pronouncing their rejection to have been the sole cause of the origin of Protestantism—a rejection carried, for the most part, at the sword's point, and followed by much private remorse and public demoralization. A treatment of the whole matter, thus fully and frankly worked out, is suitably brought to a close by the testimony of converts to the strength of those well-weighed convictions which led them to abandon the different schools of foreign Protestantism and seek admission into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

DR. JOYCE has published a very useful little book.¹ It is not only uneducated persons who have difficulties in letter-writing and other kinds of composition. Probably most of our readers have sometimes found themselves at a loss how to begin or end a letter, and whether to put a semicolon or full-stop in some moderate pause in the sense. *Should* and *would* are moreover a common puzzler, and *shall* and *will* are nearly as bad. Among the Irish there is quite a different usage from that which prevails in England, and we doubt whether Dr. Joyce will succeed in destroying the national use of the two words. His rules generally are excellent and most sensible, and his specimen letters good models for imitation. In the various ways that he suggests of concluding a letter he omits "Yours very truly," a signature that we were taught in our early years was always a safe one and never could offend. His hints for writing an essay are very practical, and the exercises at the end add to the value of this serviceable manual.

Those who have care of altars and vestments, and who have to make arrangements for the various services of the Church, are often at a loss in their pious work and afraid to transgress

¹ *English Composition for the use of Schools.* By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Sons.

rubric or law of the Church in matters great or small, all sorts of questions are wont to present themselves. "Is it lawful to touch a corporal?" "Should altar boys have red cassocks?" "What should be the colour of the antependium at a High Mass for the Dead?" "What ought to be provided at the font before a Baptism?" are questions not always so easily answered. All those who are engaged in the service of the altar will do well to provide themselves with the carefully written and very practical *Handbook for Altar Societies*,² lately published by Messrs. Benziger.

The Sodality Manual,³ compiled by Father Cullen, S.J., has quickly reached a second edition. Its success was assured from the beginning. Our Lady's Sodality has spread widely amongst us. There is scarcely a convent school, and there are few Catholic Colleges, where it is not an active instrument of great spiritual good. And yet, until Father Cullen supplied the want, there was not, so far as we know, any book of devotions in English such as Sodalists need. Now, they have, within the compass of an ordinarily sized prayer-book, a short historical account of the Sodality, its rules and special exercises, together with an admirable selection of other prayers, instructions, and devotions. It is particularly adapted, as its name implies, for the use of Sodalists; and the fact of its containing the rules, the exercises for Sodality meetings and for receptions, and the Little Office of our Lady, with the Office of the Dead, is sure to recommend it strongly to all Sodalists. But others also can draw great profit from it. The different prayers have been selected with much judgment; and the instructions on confession, and Holy Communion, on meditation, examination of conscience, on the choice of a state of life, and on a rule of life, will be of great practical usefulness. The *Manual* is certain to pass through many more editions; and so we venture on a suggestion to its compiler. Would it not be possible to insert some English hymns in future editions? Congregational singing is a marked and a legitimate attraction in religious services, though we neglect it sadly; and if Father Cullen would print a few of Faber's sweetest and best known hymns, he might do much to introduce and popularize the practice of it.

One inaccuracy, though it is only a minute one, has escaped

² *Handbook for Altar Societies and Guide for Sacristans*. New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers.

³ *The Sodality Manual*. Second edition. Dublin: Gill and Son, 1887.

Father Cullen's notice. A Plenary Indulgence, he tells us (p. 285), may be gained by those who make a retreat of eight or even five days, under the direction of a Father of the Society; as though it could not be gained by a retreat of fewer days. But Benedict the Fourteenth, in a Bull of March 29, 1753 (*Quantum Secensus*), quoted by Father Cullen himself, grants a Plenary Indulgence and other privileges to all who make the retreat "per quodcumque dierum spatium, semel aut pluries in anno;" from which it seems lawful to conclude that two days will be sufficient.

One of the most hopeful signs for Catholicity in this country is the wonderful growth of Religious Houses within the last thirty or forty years. In faithful Ireland monks and nuns always abounded, but now in Protestant England they are beginning to abound also, the leaven which is to leaven the heavy lump of paganism and unbelief. They are now more than eight times as many as forty years since. Their members have flowed in from Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, and, above all, from Ireland. A Handbook of the Religious Houses throughout the United Kingdom,⁴ with a little historical account of each Order and Community, has just been published by Messrs. Burns and Oates. It will be found useful by clergy and laity alike. Under each head, *e.g.*, Marists or Jesuits, or Oratorians, will be found a list of the various churches or colleges belonging to the Order or Congregation, and under the orders of women the special work of each, whether it be perpetual adoration, or charity, or the education of the young, is given in detail.

Dr. Poole has published as a Reading-book *The Acts of the Apostles*,⁵ with Introduction and notes. He tells us that the text is that of the Douai version of 1609, but unless we are mistaken it is really that published at Rheims a quarter of a century before. There are certain objections to the use of Holy Scripture as a class reading-book, but it is very difficult to make children familiar with Sacred History in any other way. If the Bible is to be used in this way, the brief notes and summary given by Dr. Poole will be of great service. We should like to see a map illustrative of St. Paul's wanderings, without which the book is incomplete.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued a new and very cheap

⁴ *The Religious Houses of the United Kingdom.* London: Burns and Oates.

⁵ *The Acts of the Apostles.* London: Burns and Oates.

edition of the *Imitation*⁶ in English, handy in size, and of excellent and legible type. It is well suited for carrying in the pocket, and the clearness with which it is printed makes it easy and pleasant to the eye.

The Paulist Fathers have been induced by "repeated and urgent requests from both clergy and laity," to publish a second volume of their *Five-minute Sermons*.⁷ To those who have made the acquaintance of the first volume, any recommendation of the second is unnecessary. But for the benefit of those of our readers, who are still unaware of the excellent work carried on by this congregation, and of its methods, we may explain that there has been instituted at its church in New York the custom of delivering very short and plain sermons at the principal Low Mass on Sundays. Those priests who are moved to copy this most useful practice, will find in these published volumes unexceptionable models for discourses of this kind. But there is a further, and perhaps even more important, use for these and similar books. It often happens, both in this country and in America, that good Catholics find themselves driven by the business of life into settling in communities where there is no resident priest or even where there is no mission established at all. In such cases, it is of the greatest importance that they should not "forsake the assembling" of their families, and even such friends as are willing to join them, on all church festivals, for devotional exercises and instruction. If we mistake not, such will find the Paulist *Five-minute Sermons* almost invaluable. It adds to the utility of the book, that the Epistle and Gospel are prefixed to the sermons for each Sunday.

A cheap and popular edition of Father Christie's *End of Man*⁸ has just been issued by Messrs. Burns and Oates. As it has been some time before the public, it needs little criticism at our hands. To those who are in the habit of meditating, and who are at all familiar with the Spiritual Exercises, this little volume will prove a valuable aid. It will suggest many new and beautiful thoughts; and its various parts will form appropriate spiritual reading with the corresponding points in the Exercises. They will find a new paraphrase of the *Anima*

⁶ *Imitation of Christ*. In Four Books. London: Burns and Oates.

⁷ *Five-minute Sermons* for Low Masses on All Sundays of the Year. By Priests of the Congregation of St. Paul, vol. ii. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Burns and Oates, 1886.

⁸ *The End of Man*, a Poem in Four Books (The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius). By Albany James Christie, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1886.

Christi at the end of canto ii. We sincerely trust that this work may find its way into the hands of many of those who—not of our communion—find themselves puzzled with “the problem of life.” They will find the answer of the riddle in the Argument which precedes the text, as well as in the poem itself.

Texts for every day in the year are common enough among Protestants, but we for the first time see the plan recommended to Catholic mothers for their children.⁹ It comes with Father Gallwey's high authority, but in spite of this we scarcely think it will find much favour in Catholic households or prove attractive to the childish mind. It smacks somewhat of the “charm” theory of Holy Scripture, and we must confess that we doubt if learning texts will be a very effective method of implanting in the little ones the love and fear of God.

St. Mary Magdalene is a Saint dear to all, whether they tread the path of innocence or of penance. Our Lord addressed to her words of commendation which stand almost alone in the high praise they convey, and the Church does her the honour of applying these same words, “Mary hath chosen the best part,” to our Blessed Lady herself. A novena for her feast is sure to obtain an answer from a Saint who is not as generally honoured among Catholics as she should be. We welcome the little book of *Meditations*,¹⁰ which have been translated from the Italian and published with the approval of the Cardinal Archbishop.

The *Month of the Dead*¹¹ is a publication for which the Holy Souls owe a debt of gratitude to the author and to the translator. It certainly ought to give, and we believe will give, a great stimulus to this most fruitful devotion. The first part of it provides for each of the thirty days a complete little epitome of pious reading and prayers corresponding to the subject of the day—the subjects being for the first ten days, the sufferers in Purgatory; for the second decade, what they suffer, and for the third, the means to help them. The method is put forward in a very interesting way, and there is an interesting variety throughout. The latter portion of the book gives a perfect treasure of Indulgences which may be gained each day and a

⁹ *Texts for Children*. London: Burns and Oates.

¹⁰ *Meditations on St. Mary Magdalene*. London: R. Washbourne.

¹¹ *Month of the Dead*; or, Prompt and Easy Deliverance of the Souls in Purgatory. Translated from the French of the Abbé Cloquet, by a Sister of Mercy. New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers, 1887.

list of Plenary Indulgences within the reach of all. We wish all success to so useful a little volume.

In the series of *Holy Lives*,¹² Messrs. Benziger have published an attractive little memoir of the shepherdess-saint of France, Germaine Cousin, whose simple and uneventful life is singularly instructive as illustrative of the extraordinary sanctity to which the humblest and most obscure of God's children may by His grace attain. Exposed to constant ill-usage and persecution on the part of a cruel step-mother, Germaine bore this, and every other suffering which came in her way, with unrepining patience, gentleness, and humility; and God glorified the faith of His lowly servant by removing material obstacles which prevented her from fulfilling her duties; impassable torrents checked their impetuous course to allow her to go to Mass; the wolves never molested her flock, nor was a single sheep known to stray during her absence at church; and once, when she was detected carrying to a poorer neighbour some pieces of bread saved from her scanty pittance, the same miraculous transformation of the bread into flowers which occurred in the case of St. Elizabeth, was repeated to shield the lowly peasant girl from the anger of her infuriated step-mother. At length her piety and virtue won the hearts of those who had been most hostile to her, and she became, unconsciously to herself, an object of universal veneration and admiration. At the age of twenty-two years she was found one morning dead on her pallet-bed; during the preceding night two religious beheld a company of angels escorting her soul to eternal happiness.

Of the four stories contained in the little volume¹³ lately published by Miss Corkran, three are pleasing and sprightly sketches of French life; the other, which gives its title to the book, tells us how a young man of culture and taste, who has become possessed of an estate in the country, finds his theories and plans for the future enlightenment and education of his benighted tenantry futile in presence of the prejudices of a fair Philistine, who finally vanquishes him by feminine wiles. "Miss Martha's bag" will commend itself to all who are not too old to remember the perilous and delicious pranks of their school days. "Père Perrault's legacy" describes how a Paris *chiffonnier*

¹² *The Life of St. Germaine Cousin*. By M. L. F. Guerin. Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, 1887.

¹³ *The Young Philistine, and other stories*. By Alice Corkran. London and New York: Burns and Oates, Limited.

preferred posterior fame to present enjoyment; and the last story, which is a really interesting and original sketch, teaches an excellent lesson of practical utility. A house party assembled in a château in rainy weather, as a last resource against *ennui*, amuse themselves at the expense of a peasant painter, whom the admiration of the villagers has taught to consider himself a genius. The sad consequences of their unkind mockery shows how careful one ought to be not to wound the feelings of a humbler neighbour.

In the autobiography of *Thekla*,¹⁴ Lady Herbert gives the very interesting and chequered experiences of a high-spirited and head-strong girl, who at the age of fourteen years was left alone in the world in command of a large fortune and mistress of her own future. The strange and exceptional circumstances in which she had been placed had made her singularly self-reliant and independent, until she fell into the hands of designing relatives, who simulated affection for her in order to get hold of her money. The touching incidents of her childhood, the vicissitudes and trials of her youth, the brief but happy period of her married life, a visit to Rome, the conversion of herself and her husband to the true faith, and the last voyage made with him to the West Indies in the vain hope of recovering his shattered health, are described with a picturesqueness and reality which proves them to be sketched from life, and gives a remarkable fascination to this charming little book.

The *Miser of King's Court*¹⁵ is a story for children, and narrates an episode in the life of two little orphans whom the death of their mother leaves homeless and friendless, and who are, through the kindness of a housekeeper, taken to live in a large old house belonging to their father's uncle. This old man, from his eccentric and secluded manner of life, and a mystery attaching to him, has the reputation of being a miser, whilst he is in reality only striving to pay off the gambling debts of past years, and the children's presence is concealed from him as long as possible. But a catastrophe occurs which suddenly alters the state of things: the uncle's stern nature is changed, and the children, no longer disliking and dreading him, cheer his declining years with their affectionate devotion. The youthful

¹⁴ *Thekla: an Autobiography*. By Lady Herbert. London and New York: Burns and Oates, Limited.

¹⁵ *The Miser of King's Court*. By Clara Mulholland. London and New York: Burns and Oates, Limited.

reader will doubtless enter with great interest into the childish joys and griefs of Olive and Topo, as they are depicted in this narrative.

Among the other useful works done by the St. Anselm's Society is the publication of a Literary Circular, called *Book Notices*,¹⁶ the first number of which has just appeared. It contains one or two articles on literary topics, a list of new foreign books which can be recommended, and of a large number of English books, both Catholic and non-Catholic, with a succinct notice of each. It will be very useful to all readers, and we hope it will come out regularly at stated intervals for the benefit of English-speaking Catholics.

The Catholic Truth Society¹⁷ has added a number of useful publications to its list. Father Anderdon contributes a *Life of St. Ignatius*, and Father Goldie of *Father Arrowsmith, S.J.*, whose wonder-working hand retains to the present day its miraculous power. A handsome little volume of mingled tales and poems contains an excellent selection of each, and may be had for a shilling. Another volume, at the same size and price, collects together the lives of *St. Patrick, St. George, St. Columba, St. Ignatius, Blessed Thomas More, Queen Mary* (Mary Tudor, not Mary Queen of Scots, as we wrongly stated in THE MONTH for December), *Dom Bosco*, &c. A smaller volume of poems alone has also been published.

*The Catholic Temperance Almanack for 1887*¹⁸ advocates a cause the success of which would blot out a very large proportion of the crime of England, and a larger proportion still of the crime of Scotland. It has a Patron Saint for each month, and in most cases one who was a total abstainer. Its frontispiece is a well-executed likeness of Cardinal Manning, the zealous and self-denying advocate of the good cause of temperance.

*The Irish Fireside*¹⁹ has fallen into good hands, and prints among its contributors distinguished names which will ensure its success. Of course it caters to the insatiate taste for "powerful serial" and novelette, but a powerful serial is promised by no less an author than James Payn, and the various stories are by Robert Buchanan, James Borlase, and other writers of estab-

¹⁶ St. Anselm's Society. *Book Notices*, Christmas, 1886.

¹⁷ *The Catholic Library of Tales and Poems*.

Catholic Biographies. Catholic Truth Society. London: 18, West Square, S.E.

¹⁸ *The Catholic Temperance Almanack for 1887*. London: 18, West Square, S.E.

¹⁹ *The Irish Fireside*. Dublin: 84, Middle Abbey Street.

lished fame. In the more serious department of science, Professor Klein contributes a series of most interesting papers on the realm of life, where the reader will find an account of chlorophyll and protoplasm, which is at the same time beautifully clear and worthy of the author's high scientific reputation. The rest of the numbers for January and February is made up of a varied programme comprising articles on porcelain, painting glass, plain dinners, Civil Service examinations, &c., and a special section devoted to the young.

A new magazine, *The Hospital*,²⁰ calls for a word of notice and encouragement. Every one who loves his kind must take an interest in all that concerns the work of charity done by our various hospitals, and the new magazine has for its object to increase this interest and to render the work of nursing and tending the sick more efficient, whether it be at home or in a public hospital or infirmary. The articles of the magazine are well written, and it numbers among its contributors the most distinguished names.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* for January opens with an article by Father von Hammerstein on the secularization of education in Germany, giving a retrospective glance at the struggle of which it is the outcome, and which has been going on for a century and more. The first step in this direction was made when, after the Reformation, the right of the Catholic Church to train the young having been set aside, Protestant schools were provided to educate them in the religion favoured by the State; later on the necessity of any religious supervision was denied, and the regulation of studies and the appointment of teachers in public schools finally monopolized by the Government. The result of this system of godless education, as demonstrated by the statistics of crime, shows itself in a large increase in the number of juvenile delinquents. Nor has the establishment of Protestant schools and colleges in Ireland—the subject of another article—been more successful; the people not having, like the Prussians, accepted the new tenets, will not have them forced on them by their conquerors. Father Pesch continues his exposition of the Buddhist doctrines; in respect

²⁰ *The Hospital*. January, 1887.

to God, the soul, and future happiness as the end of man, they are far more akin to Agnosticism than Christianity, and can only be compared to the latter by its blindest and most bitter antagonists. He asserts that the Nirvana of the Buddhist has a two-fold meaning, and indicates perfection in this life as well as in the next: in the latter sense it is rather cessation of being than, as is often stated, absorption in a divinity whose existence Buddha himself neither denies nor affirms. The other subjects discussed in the pages of the *Stimmen* are the cause of the greater frequency of accidents from lightning, and the duration and extent of the earliest persecutions of the Christians under the Roman emperors; it also gives an account of the town of Bergen, its past history and present condition, political, religious, and commercial, from the agreeable pen of Father Baumgartner, who has already turned his journey to the "land of the mid-night sun" to good account for the benefit of his readers.

The *Katholik* contains an interesting article on the nature of the water and blood which flowed from the Saviour's side, when after His death, it was pierced by a soldier. The presence of water, true and real water, such as it is authoritatively declared to have been, in a dead body, cannot be satisfactorily accounted for on natural grounds; we are bound to believe that it was miraculously produced, the outflow of water and blood being designed to indicate the purely human nature of Christ's body as consisting of spirit, water, and blood, and in its mystic meaning to symbolize the foundation of the Church, wherein the water of Baptism receives its regenerating virtue from the Blood of Christ. Dr. Pohle concludes his lengthy and exhaustive vindication of the theory of the existence of other inhabited worlds from the accusation which was brought against it of being repugnant to sound doctrine; he asserts that by the acceptance of this hypothesis we obtain a wider and more exalted view of the Divine greatness, recognize more clearly the glorious position of the Eternal Word as Head of all creation, and appreciate more fully the benefits conferred on us by our redemption; moreover we learn the insignificance of our planet as a portion of the universe, as well as its immense importance as the scene of the Incarnation of the Son of God. The discussion concerning the advisability of withholding absolution from the backslider when doubts are entertained as to his having the necessary dispositions is also brought to a close; and a Benedictine Father contributes a short paper to show

that there is no ground for assuming that lessons from Scripture were not read in the Roman Office previous to the time of Gregory the Great.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (877, 878) enters upon the New Year with gloomy forebodings with regard to the material and moral ruin which the Freemasons, in their inveterate hatred to all that is good and holy, threaten to bring on Italy. It urges upon its readers the obligation of doing their utmost to counteract the malevolent influences of the sect, and this by uniting in the anti-Masonic League already mentioned in a previous number. The *Civiltà* also comments on the fresh outburst of hatred and hostility to the Papacy to which the Holy Father feelingly alludes in his recent address to the College of Cardinals, and which the Government permits and even encourages, in spite of the Guarantee Laws, assuring protection to the Pope. Under the misleading name of anti-clericalism, the Italian socialists openly and with impunity insult and denounce the Pope as the enemy of their country, decry everything connected with religion, and in public speeches and the journals of the day, abuse and vilify the Papacy in language so intemperate that, were it directed against a foreign Power, it could not pass unpunished. The *Civiltà* remarks that this attack upon the Vatican will ere long be extended to the Quirinal. At the conclusion of the treatise upon Hypnotism, the writer states that the only tenable hypothesis in explanation of the mysterious phenomena it produces, is that they are the result of diabolical agency, while the unhappy subject is, for the time being, in a state of possession. We must also mention an excellent article on the origin and cause of moral evil, and for the benefit of the archæologist, a description of the peculiar structure of the ancient massive towers of Sardinia. The archæological notes, too, contain some interesting details concerning the inscriptions relating to the *Equites singulares*, recently discovered on the Esquiline.

The Glories of Divine Grace. A free rendering of the original treatise of P. EUSEBIUS NIERENBERG, S.J., by Dr. M. J. SCHEEBEN. Translated from the fourth revised German Edition, by a Benedictine Monk of St. Meinrad's Abbey, Ind., with the consent of the Author and the permission of the Superior. 12mo, cloth, 6s. net.

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